AT THE SHRINE of the COMING BUDDHA: Special Pictures.

THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 12, 1932
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1712 NOV. 12, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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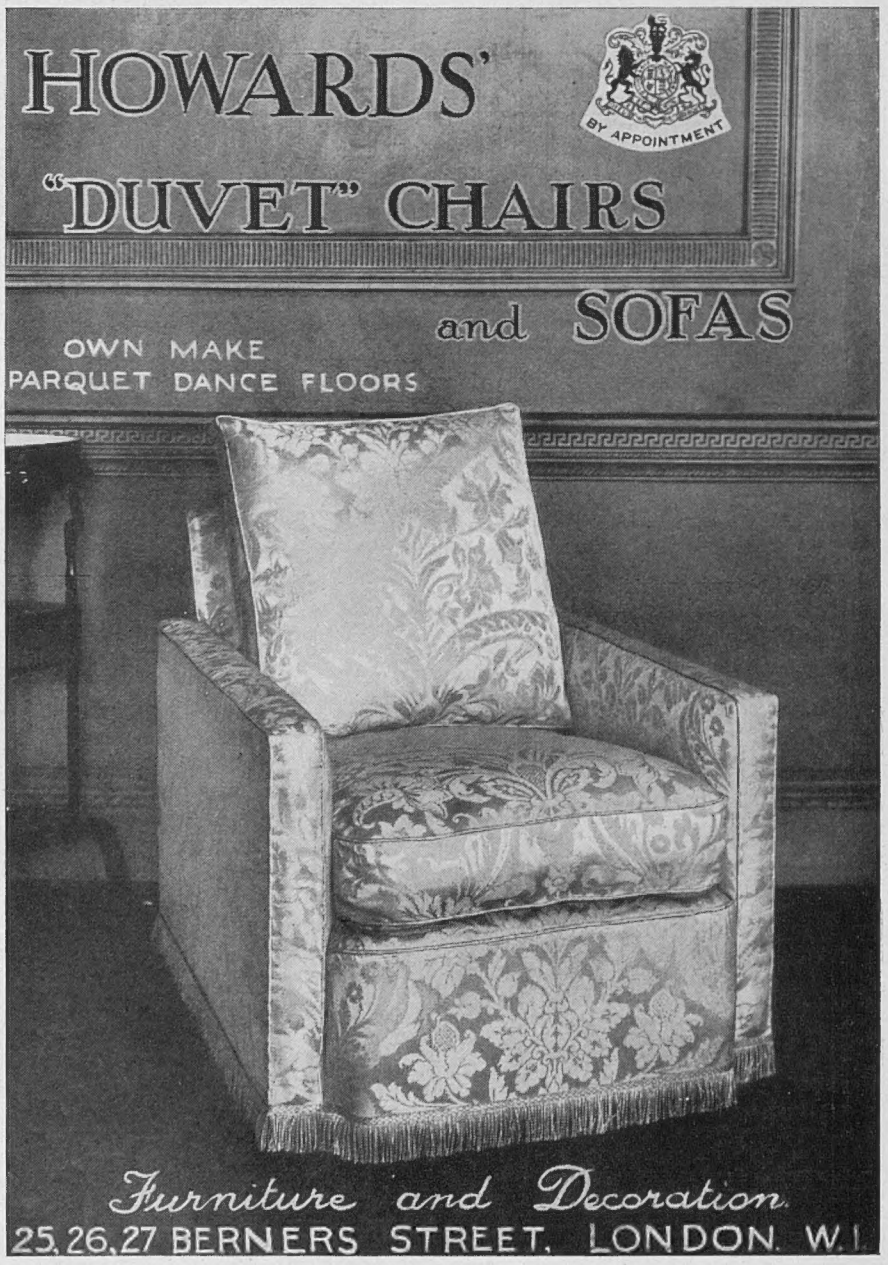
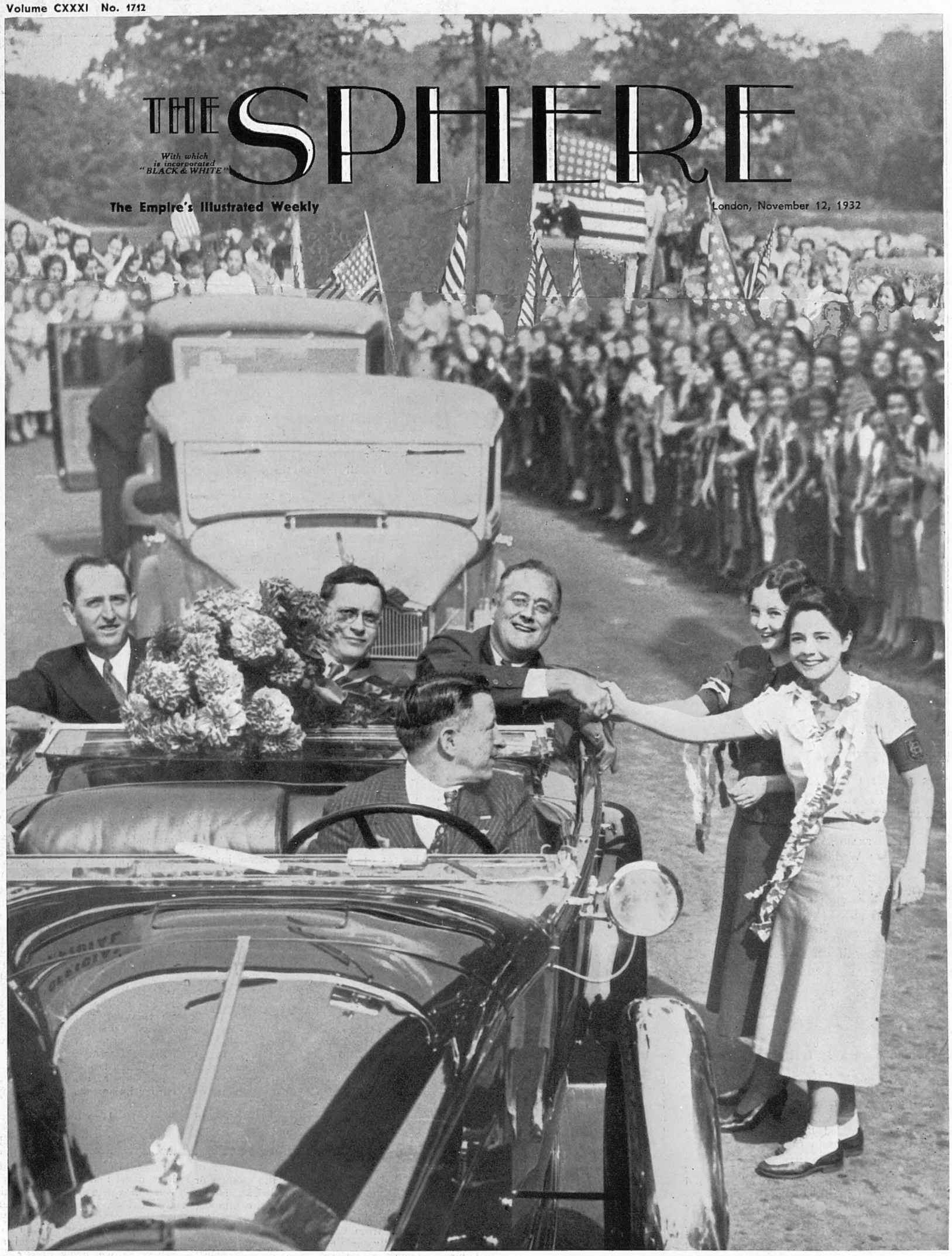


THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 12, 1932



PRESIDENT ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York Democrat, who has been Elected by a 413 Electoral Votes Majority

Governor Roosevelt, the second of his name to hold the high office to which he has just been elected in opposition to Mr. Hoover (Republican), Mr. Norman Thomas (Socialist), and Mr. William Foster (Communist) by an estimated majority of 413 electoral votes, is seen above receiving a bouquet from a pupil of the Atlanta, Georgia, High School, during his whirlwind tour. Mr. Roosevelt drew much of his support from the "Solid (Democratic) South." In the car is Governor Russel of Georgia. The turn-over is gigantic; at the last election Hoover carried 444 electoral votes to Smith's 87—a "swing" of 770 electoral votes

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE LINCOLN CATHEDRAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE, held to celebrate the completion of the repairs to the edifice—repairs which cost £130,000—was attended by the Duke and Duchess of York, seen seated in the nave in the foreground. The late Dean Fry was largely instrumental in raising the necessary funds, a fair portion of which was donated by Americans

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 9, 1932.

THE ARMISTICE CELEBRATION.—During the last year or two, as the 11th of November approaches, doubts have been expressed as to whether the Armistice celebrations on their present national and official scale make as strong a public appeal as in the first post-War decade. Various points are urged on each side. On the one hand, it is argued, how undesirable it would be to allow so solemn and so magnificent a tribute to the dead to lose its dignity and impressiveness through public apathy. It is pointed out that a new generation has reached manhood to which the Great War is not a memory but a legend. We have reached a point of distance from the Armistice when regiments and battalions have come to be commanded by officers too young to have fought in the War. It is even argued that this tribute to the dead keeps alive a spirit of International bitterness. The other side has sound answers to every claim. There is no present indication that the ceremony has a diminishing appeal. Those who have vivid and poignant memories of the horrors of that War can still be counted in millions, and the rising generation in general accepts the legend as the naked truth. And finally this national tribute to a million martyrs must surely confirm the will of the nation against the repetition of such a sacrifice. At the present moment, indeed, the doubts expressed are no more than straws flung to test the wind; yet it is reasonable to expect that some time in the future—sooner or later—some irrelevant interruption or act of disrespect, organized or otherwise, may mar the majesty of the occasion. And that will be an obvious moment for an official reconsideration. There are some annual ceremonies which survive long after their significance has been forgotten, survive as an occasion for holiday-making or sky-larking. Guy Fawkes' Day is an example. On one point, at least, the nation is agreed. Such must not be the ultimate fate of Armistice Day.

A ROOSEVELT AGAIN?—Not half-a-dozen names bulk larger in American history than that of Theodore Roosevelt. Whatever his mistakes, his surname, even to-day, remains a name "to conjure with" in American politics. Roosevelt somehow managed to raise American politics to a higher and a wider plane. To the listening world, an American Presidential election has too often thundered and shrilled like an Atlantic autumn gale—to be remembered soon afterwards as a very local storm in an essentially domestic cup of tea, consumed on the premises. Theodore Roosevelt was not a super-man but a big man, of the Cecil Rhodes stature, and an International personality. And Franklin Roosevelt has a right to that happy name, and the right to call great Theodore uncle-by-marriage. Despite the misfortune of infantile paralysis which attacked him soon after the War, he is physically strong enough for the immense strain of White House, and possesses the natural energy, bonhomie, and enthusiasm to carry him through. Mrs. Roosevelt is a very capable woman, always a worker with her finger in a dozen pies; an "executive" woman and a woman of immense experience as a hostess, she has little left to learn. Franklin Roosevelt is a father of five and a grandfather to boot; but with all and in spite of all he has passed through, he looks less than his years, which is to look young indeed. I like to think that when the tumult and the shouting dies down and the elected President has a chance to think out his policy on a working basis (and not as an election counter), America will emerge at last as a champion of the great ideal of unity between the English-speaking nations, which is the great hope for the salvation of Europe and the best means, if not the only means, of building up a national spirit in polyglot America.

LORD METHUEN.—Such memories as I have of the South African War are invariably awakened by references to Generals who took part in it. Which is not as "obvious" as it sounds. All historians will confirm that "generalatry" (to coin a word) was carried to greater lengths in that war than in any other in memory. Everybody rolled round his tongue the names of our Generals, and often carried in his pocket a post-card featuring the whole gallery of them. But the Generals of later wars are much more easily forgotten. Lord Methuen was the oldest survivor of the seniors, as B.-P. is doyen of the juniors, so universally idolized then. The ignorant usually pronounced his name as "Methouin." How many of his brother Generals since the Great War has Lord Methuen followed in procession to their graves, gallantly dragging his game leg! Pluck and a determination not to yield have been his outstanding qualities. He would by no means yield to younger men his county duties in Wiltshire; he was not to be deterred by cold or wet from taking his place in a Field-Marshal's funeral procession. On military questions, in which he had specialized, he continued to speak in the House of Lords right up to his death, making the same stand for his principles that he had made forty years ago when he succeeded his father as third baron. The Methuens were of Perthshire stock, who migrated to the West Country after and because of the Reformation. They were usually christened Paul, with Anthony as second choice, and in the eighteenth century gave many sons to the Church, especially to Wells. They have produced hardly any soldiers. The family acquired Corsham in Wilts in the first half of the eighteenth century, and have been there ever since, the barony dating from 1838. The publishers of that name descend in the female line from the same stock. A gallant soldier, a noble and courteous gentleman of fine presence, and a devoted public servant, Lord Methuen served in almost every campaign since Ashanti (1874), and was at various times Governor of Natal and Malta. His successor is an able artist and scientist, and was long attached to the Transvaal Museum.

FRIENDS OF BEAUTY.—Human love of beauty, apart from sentiment induced by its associations, is hard to explain. The beauty of a flower is comprised in colour and form, and perhaps smell; and the shades of colour and the particular arrangement of straight and curved lines are a utilitarian device of Nature to ensure propagation of the species by attracting the bee—and so forth. But no utilitarian purpose is served by man's attraction to certain arrangements of line and shades of colour in flowers, or in the chance or deliberate grouping of bricks, stone, wood, or hills, woods, heath, commons, rivers and other natural features. Nor, apart from associations, is it to be logically explained. Tennyson's "tears from the depths of some divine despair" well up at the sight of happy autumn fields. But here the despair is essentially human, and results from the association of the idea of the impermanence of life and the short season of youth and summer. Why do men feel so deeply the attraction of certain views and other beauties of Nature? In this sense the other day, Lord Zetland, chairman of the National Trust, spoke to a deeply interested audience at Grayshott, the "cradle" of that great idea and ideal, the National Trust. Like the Boy Scout or the Daylight-saving or the Two-minute Silence ideas, the National Trust idea is entitled to be labelled "great." It came at a vital time—at the tenth if not the eleventh hour. It saved us from ourselves at the height of our insanity.

A CITIZEN'S CLEAR DUTY.—And the idea has been clothed in wonderfully efficient material. The National Trust now controls nearly 250 properties in England, ranging from historic buildings, small and large, ruined and well preserved, to heath commons and bird-haunted sea-cliffs. These properties are all managed by local committees of the residents. In the nick of time, the Trust has rescued from destruction or vulgarization thousands of acres of the loveliest scenery in England and Christendom, and guarantees their preservation for all time, as an heirloom for us. To be a member of the National Trust is to-day an essential duty of citizenship which can be achieved at much less than the price men cheerfully pay for a million to one chance in a sweep. Lord Zetland made two most cheerful points. The explanation of man's love of natural beauties does not lie in higher education. It is deep rooted—as his correspondence proves—in all classes and it is growing and spreading rapidly. And there is likely to be in the coming years a growing tendency to hand over suitable properties to the care of the Trust. In ten years the acreage controlled by it may well be doubled. I repeat: it is the plain duty of every citizen to-day to get in touch with his local National Trust Committee and to enrol himself as a member in one of the most important, sane, efficient, and far-sighted movements at work in England to-day.

SHERLOCK HOLMES—LITERARY CRITIC.—The present epidemic of Sherlock-Holmitis has produced many a new and stimulating argument on the comparative merits of modern and Victorian detective fiction. While upholding the Victorians (largely for their more leisurely methods, their less hectic and tense directness, their greater care to develop their puppets' characters) I was lately called on to repel a determined counter attack directed against the later Sherlock Holmes stories. A critic of the modern school suggested that Conan Doyle must have been dissatisfied with his last series of Holmes stories. I recollected that some years ago I had corresponded with Conan Doyle on this very subject and realized that I had somewhere "laid up in lavender" the author's own testimony on this very point. These letters of Doyle's I unearthed and consider them worth quoting from to-day when the subject is so topical. It will be seen that I too had unfavourably compared some of the later stories with the earlier immortals, and thereby elicited the creator's own opinion of Sherlock Holmes. He wrote to me from Bignell Wood:

"I read with interest and without offense your remarks about the Holmes stories. I could not be offended, for I have never taken them seriously myself. But still even in the humblest things there are degrees, and I wonder whether the smaller impression which they produce upon you may not be due to the fact that we become blasés and stale ourselves as we grow older? My own youthful favourites no longer appeal. I test the Holmes stories by their effect on fresh young minds and I find that they stand that test well. I believe in my own critical capacity, for it is very detached, and if I were to choose the six best Holmes stories I should certainly include 'The Illustrious Client' which is one of the last series, and also 'The Lion's Mane,' which is the next to appear. 'The Noble Bachelor,' which you quote, would be about the bottom of the list. I have always said that I would utterly abolish Holmes the moment he got below his level, but up

sletter

to now (save for your note which may prove symptomatic) I have seen no sign that he has lost his grip. Yours sincerely, A. CONAN DOYLE."

SUSSEX OR KENT?—On the eve of the expected conferment of a Dukedom on Prince George, there was some discussion of the rival claims of Sussex and Kent. The last Duke of Kent died in 1820 and his chief claim to fame is that he was the reluctant father of a great Queen. The last Duke of Sussex was George III's sixth son and died in 1843. Eccentric like most of his brothers, he had several worthy characteristics. Moral courage was one of them. He loyally supported the Whigs which earned him Royal disfavour for many years, so that he refused to be buried among his kin and chose Kensal Green instead. And in marriage he courageously followed the dictates of his heart in days when the Royal Marriage Act was cast-iron. He married two commoners: in early youth Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of Lord Dunmore, who bore him two children who took the surname of d'Este. The daughter became Lady Truro. In middle age he married again, Lady Cecilia Underwood, formerly Buggin, and *née* Gore, whom Queen Victoria ultimately created Duchess of Inverness, a woman of good sense, good heart, and remarkable tact. The Duke embraced the cause of agriculture, was keen on science, was a noted book collector, an enthusiast for pugilism and shooting, and at the end of his life deeply religious.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.—Optimistic prophecy is a luxury nowadays from which public men, who have their reputation to consider, have sternly turned away. In the last weeks, several pundits in politics and in finance have actually spoken hopefully. Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Norman—who stand in peculiarly vulnerable positions — would lightly broadcast words of hope which they expected to be compelled to eat. Nor for that matter would Mr. Runciman or Sir Robert Horne. Therefore we took comfort from Mr. Chamberlain's guarded prophecy that the rising tide of unemployment would be checked, and even begin to show a steady if slow fall, in the next few weeks as a result of a gradual revival in trade which is evidenced in the receipt of orders from markets long closed to Britain, and almost regarded as obsolete. Mr. Norman's sober optimism appealed first to the City and the financial houses whose business was the financing of foreign enterprise. Both these prophets proved right. Nevertheless, our ups and downs are to-day as disconcerting as rapid. Mr. Chamberlain invited us to hope. A fortnight later Mr. Baldwin urges us not to despair.

ADDING TO THE LIST.—The long awaited and long deferred report of the Unemployed Insurance Commission, with its minority findings attached, is signed at last and in the hands of the authorities, and with an anxiety impossible to conceal, officials who do the hackwork for Ministers turned to the advance proofs to discover in the sections which touch on the Means Test some light on a problem which has suddenly grown dark and menacing. Three weeks ago no Minister would have ranked the Means Test with Unemployment, India, Agriculture, Disarmament, and War Debts in a list of the vital problems of the hour. That is quite certain. But in the last month there have been disturbing scenes in Whitehall and Hyde Park, and it has been forced on the consciousness of an overworked Government how bitterly, if locally, the operation of the Means Test is resented. Mr. Baldwin was right when he said that the nation as a whole would disapprove of its abolition. There is no responsible section in the community who fails to see, through manifest hardships, the need for a Means Test devised on a uniform and carefully prepared basis, nor any that will not support all and every effort at strong and impartial and courageous Government. The truth is the problems of Europe and the Empire have so occupied the Government that our domestic problems which can raise their voices above any other clamour, provided Parliament is sitting, strike now with hideous din on the surprised ears of Ministers. Agriculture and the Means Test have grown in a night to the dimensions of a major crisis and must be added to the "little list" which contained the names of India, Disarmament, War Debts, and Unemployment. True it is that the note of optimism is a dangerous one to play.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE AUTUMN WINDS MAKE SPORT with the dresses of other days worn by Society girls representing old London cries in a pageant at Grosvenor House held in aid of St. Mary's Convalescent Home, Birchington

THE FIRST FLIGHT ever undertaken by a Vice-Chancellor of Oxford was made when Dr. Lys (*right*) took his first journey by aeroplane. The occasion was the transference of the Oxford University Air Squadron from Heyford, Oxon, to Shippon, Berks

CROWN PRINCE OLAF, the heir to the Norwegian Crown, flew to London from Brussels, and is seen above strolling through the metropolis

THE PRINCE OF WALES at the Mansion House receives from the Lord Mayor the grant of Livery of the City Corporation to the Honourable Company of Master Mariners of which H.R.H. is Master

HERR VON HOESCH, the newly-appointed German Ambassador, on his arrival to take up his appointment

LOOKING INTO THE SHRINE: The Hall of Honour is separated from the shrine by a wrought-iron gate. Pendent above is the figure of St. Michael

THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE stands on the living rock on which Edinburgh Castle rests. The actual rock protrudes through the floor. The Stone of Remembrance is of green Italian marble and supports a casket of wrought steel

Pictures by F. C. Inglis

THE CONQUEROR OF HELL: St. Michael, carved in wood with touches of gold and colour, hangs from the roof above the shrine in Edinburgh's War Memorial

THE GREATEST WAR MEMORIAL IN THE WORLD

By H. V. MORTON

Scotland alone of all the nations who suffered in the War has visibly, and with pride, placed the emotion like an offering on the knees of God.

"Scotland's Shrine is a requiem and a hymn of praise. Yet a Scottish mother to-day, unconscious, perhaps, of these things, can stand on Castle Rock and feel herself in the presence of one of those 100,000 lads who lie in soil which is for ever Scotland.

"There is more pride and less regret in this than in any other War memorial in the world.

"The Shrine is the highest building in Edinburgh. It rises from virgin rock. Its walls spring from jagged ledges. In shape it is a sanctuary facing north with an east and west transept. . . .

"As I stood inarticulate before the Shrine a thought came to me which was like a light. I was, not long ago, in Ypres at the opening of the Menin Gate. It was a fine day with a wind blowing over the old front line. When the gate was declared open Scots pipers, mounted high on the ramparts, played the 'Flowers o' the Forest.'

"No man at that moment dared look into another man's eyes. It was one of life's terrible moments. The lament sobbed its grand way out along the road to Hooge, it wailed its way, sobbing, sobbing; 'the flowers o' the forest are a' wede awa'' into every little dip and hollow where the corn now grows. . . .

"It seemed to me, as I stood in Scotland's Shrine, that the sound of this lament had flown home to crystallize in stone upon the rock of Edinburgh. The Shrine is a lament in stone, the greatest of all Scotland's laments, with all the sweetness of pipes crying among hills, with all the haunting beauty of a lament, all the pride, all the grandeur.

"I think the Cenotaph in London and the National Shrine in Edinburgh are the most remarkable symbols in existence of the temperamental difference between the two nations. One is Saxon and inarticulate; the other is Celtic and articulate. Grief locks the English heart, but it opens the Scottish. The Celt has a genius for the glorification of sorrow. All his sweetest songs are sad; all his finest music is sad; all his greatest poetry springs from tragedy.

"That is why Scotland has built the greatest War memorial in the world.

"The 'Flowers o' the Forest' have all turned to stone."

From "In Search of Scotland," by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen

THE FORGOTTEN ARMY: A FLAG-LESS MAN:

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

On November 11, 1918, having walked through the surging streets of London, I paused for a few minutes near the gates of the Green Park to watch the jubilant, delirious crowd and listen to the babel of sound. There were flags everywhere, streaming against the soft, grey sky, fluttering from every window, adorning every car and cart, being waved ecstatically from every scarlet omnibus. The flags of Great Britain and her Colonies, of France and Belgium, Italy, Serbia, and Rumania. Every man, woman, and child wore the colours of one of the Allies, strangers stopped and grasped each other's hands, friends walked arm in arm, women kissed each other with tears running down their cheeks. The usual reticence and reserve of England had been swept away in the wave of popular rejoicing; and over in France the guns had fallen silent!

Standing there, watching the swarming crowds, I was conscious suddenly of a man standing close beside me and turned to look curiously at the worn, haggard face, the thin erect figure in the shabby, well-cut suit, and then as I saw that no flag or emblem was on his breast my face must have expressed a passing astonishment, for his deep-set eyes flashed out in swift resentment. "I wear no flag," he said, "because I have none."

I knew then at once what he was, and on the impulse of the moment held out my hand. "I have been in Russia," I said, "and I can understand."

His eyes filled with tears, and the hand he gave me was cold and trembling. "To be here," he said brokenly. "To be ashamed. To hear your people singing the National Anthem, and to know that I have no country. Can you realize what that means?" No longer able to control his voice he turned away, and I stood a moment looking after him as he went slowly down through the deserted Park.

His words had brought memories flooding over me, and the flags all round me were blurred in a mist of tears as I thought of that forgotten flag which had no part in this triumph, and of a lost army who had passed on into the mists, leaving behind them only the memory of failure and disaster. Pictures came back to me of a cheering crowd in front of the British Embassy in St. Petersburg, of a dim old cathedral in Moscow where an Emperor knelt to pray for victory before the golden ikons, of a theatre where an audience rose in wild enthusiasm to sing the National Anthems of the Allies . . . of regiments marching away, singing the haunting folk songs of old Russia, of a white hospital ward where men lay with tortured, patient eyes and talked of the day of distant peace.

EX-SERVICE MEN IN DUBLIN remembered the Glorious Dead on Sunday last, walking in their black Fascist shirts to church

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918: From a drawing made by F. Matania of the extraordinary outburst of feeling when the news that the guns had ceased firing reached London

IL DUCE KNEELS TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: The Italian nation celebrates its Peace Day a few days earlier than we do

VON PAPEN VOTES and SWEDEN VISITS GERMANY

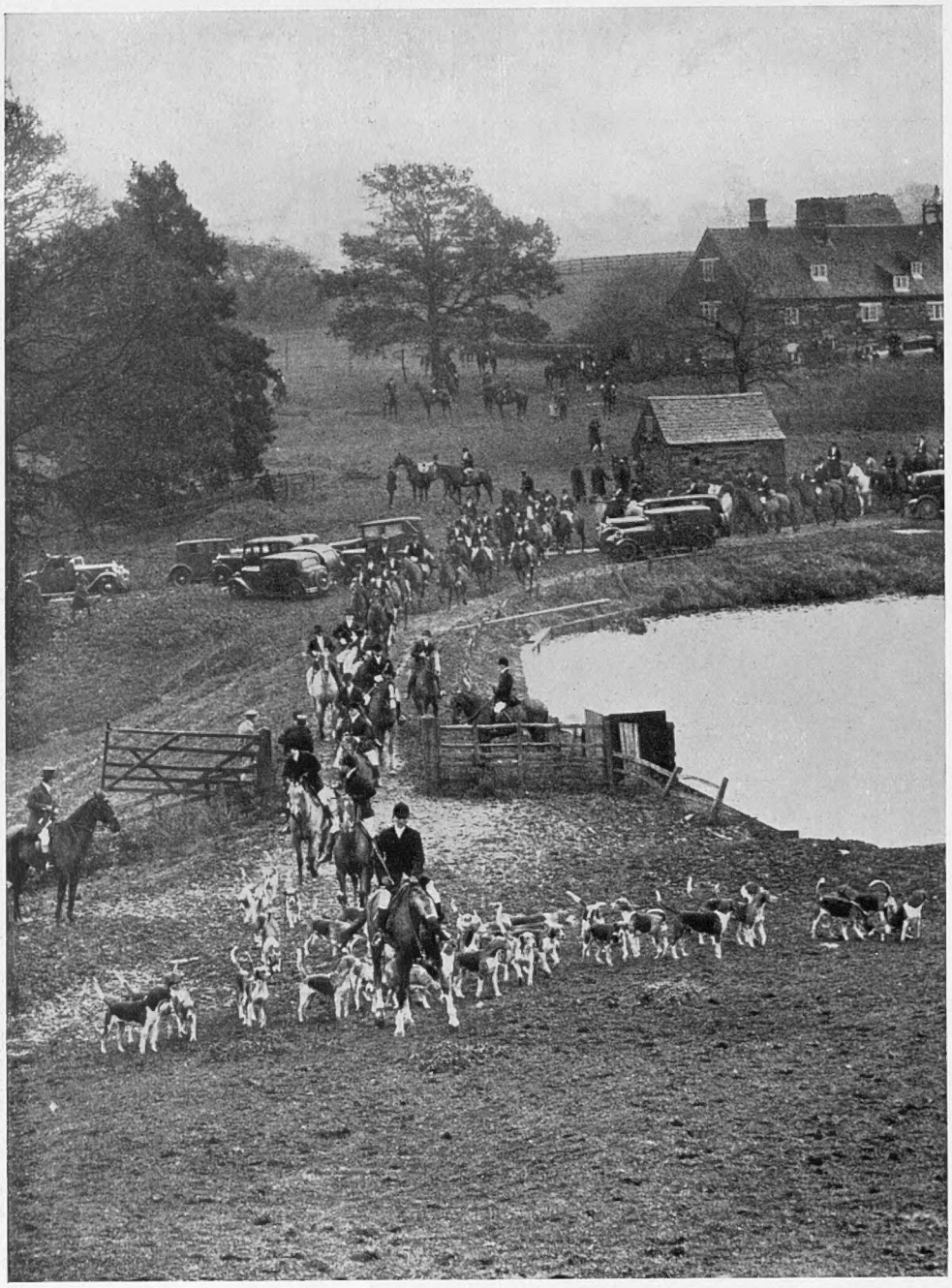
THE CHANCELLOR VOTES *EN FAMILLE*: Herr von Papen and his wife and daughters go to the polls in Berlin to record their votes. The Reichskanzler affects an overcoat built on the pattern of a British warm. The elections resulted in yet another stalemate. The Nazis registered some losses, but are still the largest single party in the Reich, and their leader is still vociferously clamouring for the Chancellorship von Hindenburg has refused. The Socialist vote has also shrunk, and the Communists have gained, largely at the expense of these two parties, about a million suffrages

GERMANY AND SWEDEN: A little Swedish guest in national costume with a soldier of the Reichswehr in Lützen, Saxony, where the 300th anniversary of the great battle was celebrated on November 6

ORDNANCE OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR: One of the historic pieces of artillery preserved from the Battle of Lutzen, manned by Swedes in the uniform of the period, in the procession organized in the Saxony town on November 6 to commemorate the Tercentenary

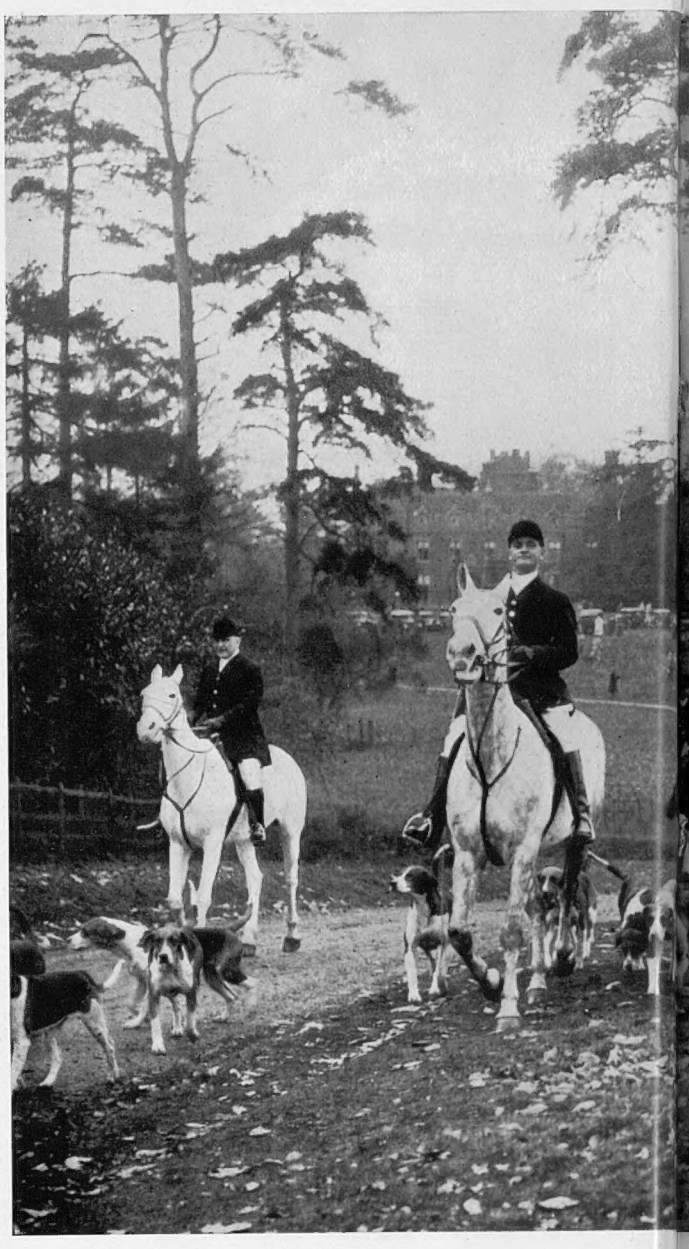
It was at Lützen that the Catholic troops of the Empire, commanded by Wallenstein, were defeated by Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North and the first claimant to the title subsequently bestowed upon Frederick the Great, "the Protestant Hero." In the battle of Lützen —as, subsequently, at Quebec—the price of victory was the life of the victorious general. Gustavus, the Protestant, was subsidized by Richelieu, surely one of the supreme ironies of history. He encountered the recalled Wallenstein, first at Nuremberg and then at Lützen. There he rode almost alone into a squadron of Croats, and it was the fury of the Swedes to avenge their fallen king that turned their near defeat into victory.

FAMOUS PACKS



THE BELVOIR

A general view of the field moving off from the meet at Croxton Park, near Grantham



THE SMITH-BOSANQUET

THE OLD BERKELEY

The inaugural meet held at Latimer House, the Buckingham seat of Lord Chesham

THE EAST HOLDERNESS

S MEET AGAIN

Major Smith-Bosanquet celebrated, at the opening meet at Broxbournebury, Herts, this season, his twenty-fifth year as Master. The field, led by the Master (*on left*), is seen moving off

THE QUORN

The opening meet of this famous hunt was held at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray. The field is seen making its way to Gartree Hill

The opening meet was held at Burton Constable, Yorks, and the field is seen above moving off in front of Burton Constable Hall, a perfect setting for one of the loveliest sights the country affords

THE PERCY

The pack and field leave Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Master, the Duchess of Northumberland, at the opening meet

HOME NEWS

A DANISH WEDDING: The eldest son of the Danish Minister, Mr. Kai Ahlefeldt, and Miss Thea Meyer, who were married in London

JULIAN HENRY PETER was the name bestowed upon the son of Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux at St. Margaret's, Westminster

THE GUITRY: M. Sacha Guitry with his new leading lady, Mlle Delubac, arrives in London for his new season over here

BRIDE AND GROOM: Mr. William Murray and Miss Vera Maconachie after their wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place

FUR-TRIMMED CAPES AND MUFFS struck a distinguished and distinctive note in autumn bridesmaids' costumes. They were seen at the wedding, at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. William Murray and Miss Vera Maconachie

Sasha

AT CIRO'S: Mr. Claude Grahame-White with Mme Vivian Simon, who grows fresh raspberries in her garden at Marlow in November

ETON'S RECRUIT WEEK: The O.T.C. of the famous college has issued orders for three parades a day between school hours to be attended by recruits. Morning clothes, toppers, rifles, and bayonets strike something of an anachronistic note

SOUTH AMERICA BOUND: F. J. Perry, G. P. Hughes, Betty Nuthall, Eileen Bennett Fearnley Whittingstall, Mary Heeley, and H. G. N. Lee leave Waterloo. Lee and Miss Heeley will probably play in singles only

A WORLD SURVEY

PRAYER BEFORE THE TASK: The 450 Japanese armed and militarily trained emigrants perform their devotions at the Meiji Shrine before leaving to take up their duties in Manchukuo, whither they are being sent to extirpate banditry and build up the new State

MASS PRODUCTION OF GAS-MASKS IN GERMANY: A terrific sale in this commodity has developed apropos the civil strife, the two main factories being in Konigsberg and Berlin. Masks are also being made for domestic animals

AT THE TOMB OF FRANCE'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: M. Lebrun, the President of France; M. Paul Boncour, Minister of War in the Cabinet; and General Gouraud, the one-armed veteran Commandant of Paris, beneath the Arc de Triomphe after laying wreaths

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF VIENNA: The great Stefanokirche in Vienna saw the enthronement of Dr. Theodor Innitzer a few days ago. In conformity with the Latin tradition, the occasion was of gala nature, and a guard of honour was provided by Viennese students during the preliminary procession through the city streets

A MONTMARTRE MARRIAGE held at the Mairie of the Free Commune of Old Montmartre was solemnized a few days ago. This rustic event was celebrated by a procession organized by the Optimists Club

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VILLA-CISNEROS: ... and ...

In Purs... of the ... Socialist ... African ... Itself a ... Her In... Her ...

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FROM THE AIR: A recent view of the fort *(right)* and the air-port *(left)* at Villa Cisneros, which consists mainly of these two groups of buildings. Among the 138 grandees recently deported thither are two Bourbons, cousins of Don Alfonso

Of all the strange bedfellows destined to come together in adversity, it is doubtful if extremes have ever met with such violence as to-day at Villa-Cisneros, in the Spanish West African territory of Rio de Oro or River of Gold. That was a great joke of the Portuguese who first alighted on the place, for there is not a speck of river or of gold to be seen. Instead, a windswept wilderness of sand abutting on the Sahara, and practically unpopulated. Yet to-day some of the proudest names in Spain have their addresses locally. And, also, some of the most rabid Moscow devotees. For a whim of Señor Azaña, Spain's Socialist dictator, has dispatched both of these nuisances to the new Republic, to the bleak African outpost. Grandee and Red sit down together in their new-found deportation. It may be that they will spend the remainder of their lives together unless able to effect their escape, since the punishment inflicted is of the permanent order.

The marked latter-day tendency towards an increase in political deportation may have escaped general notice. We stopped it, I believe, 200 years ago or more; and so did other nations, progressively, with the effect that at the outbreak of War the only political deportees must have been Siberian victims of the Tsarist régime. In 1932, no fewer than five nations are deporting vigorously to fixed centres, and it would not be surprising to see an extension of the practice—other lands joining in in order to simplify domestic issues—if present governmental difficulties fail to grow appreciably less. The notion of descending upon pivotal men who are "agin the Government," and of flinging them neck and crop far away out of the country is one that undoubtedly holds its attractions these vexed and involved times.

A TYPICAL NATIVE of Rio de Oro, of mixed Arab and negro blood. Some tribes are friendly, some actively hostile

The Soviet, following opening years of more thorough removal, revived Siberian deportation around 1924 with the difference that instead of being allowed to rot away in huts, the victims are now mobilized in labour camps. This Soviet fidelity to Tsarism cancels out the latter, leaving us with four countries freshly taken to deporting political thorns: Italy, the Argentine, Portugal, and Spain. The Latin streak is noteworthy. Britain may have thought momentarily of Gandhi and his merry men for the Andaman Isles, but stopped short of action. The United States will probably desire to ship some of its "radicals" in the oncoming years. Assuredly the Reich of Papen–Schleicher would love to engage in similar weeding if only there were somewhere to send the fellows. And perhaps de Valera might not be hesitant had he somewhere on the map to dump a bunch of Cosgravites. A lot depends on having somewhere handy on the map.

For the moment, however, the Latin lands—minus France, which thus far has taken no hand in the operation, though possessing several likely spots and lots of likely deportables—are the ones to rely on deportation as one way out of domestic difficulties. Of course, Mussolini's notorious islands propagated the new idea. The Duce thought of these shortly after assuming the reins of power, and now, nearly a decade later, he is thinking of shutting the places down just as others are starting opening up. He thought he might have to keep them a full generation, but the régime has dug itself in rather more deeply than he imagined, and the risk of having the malcontents, the Liberals, back in Italy, under observation, is deemed small, while the saving in money would be considerable. When I looked into conditions on the islands early last year there were between 4,000 and 5,000 still detained by their Fascist guards. They could have their families, if they could afford them, and not many could do that because pay was less than 2s. a day. The chief misery was the utter absence of the slightest thing to do from year's end to year's end. That is the curse of twentieth-century deportation where intelligent, educated men are concerned—to be dumped on an island or somewhere equally cut off, usually in an execrable climate, to be allocated bare sustenance, and to be left to one's own devices.

The first to follow Mussolini was Azaña last April, after the Communist troubles. Under Primo de Rivera the deportation ground for a very few—half-a-dozen or so—had been the Canaries. From one island — Ventura, I think — Professor Unamuno managed to escape with the aid of a Paris daily newspaper which sent a vessel. Azaña decided to take no more risks in that neighbourhood, and so he shipped some seventy Reds to Villa-Cisneros.

THE RIVER OF GOLD—SAND! Spanish soldiers drag an aeroplane to the hangars Villa-Cisneros

Almost immediately afterwards we were regaled with stories of the Argentine deportee ship, the *Chaco*, sailing the seas, dropping unwanteds here and there at European ports when she was allowed to. This was something quite new, a fresh page in sea annals. What a Conrad might have made of that ship, with its 120 deported cosmopolitans lodged for ninety days in the hold, with half-an-hour on deck every couple of days, and hammerings from cutlasses for refractory behaviour! Twenty languages were shouted in that hold, and dreadful storms were experienced in mid-Atlantic. The Argentine police said they had found Red leaflets on these European settlers—Spaniards, Italians, Poles, Germans, Central Europeans chiefly. After calling at most ports, the *Chaco* finished up by dropping nine Poles at Gdynia, and one British subject in the Thames; she was destined to return with six or seven that no one would have. And so ended a unique Odyssey of the sea, the precursor maybe of others in the same line, because to be left with only six out of twenty times that number was not so bad.

I should mention that besides shipping the foreign element out of the country, Argentina deported 900 of her own Communists to a little island far out in the ocean.

Next came Portugal, following the uprising against the soldier dictator, General Carmona, on August 26. Hundreds were shipped to the island of Timor, where they take off on the last lap to Port Darwin, on Australian flights. For a large part officers, these political deportees have apparently had a pretty awful time. According to one of their number who has returned after escaping, the company was directed to a concentration camp at Atauro, "where whites cannot live—that is why we were sent there. What with the

An Oasis of Grandees Reds

ance of the Latin Revival System of Political Exile, Spain has Dumped on their Colony of Rio de Oro — Hideous Irony — not only tractable Communists but Incorrigible Reactionaries

By FERDINAND TUOHY

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at the air-port of

heat, mosquitoes, and fever, 47 per cent. were casualties in a very short while, in hospital at Dilly, the capital. Some went mad, many died, and the Governor eventually decided to scatter us over the islands, in more bearable conditions. That is how one or two of us escaped in a canoe. A sailing vessel, standing out collected us and took us on to the main shipping lane, saying we had been shipwrecked. A Dutch liner landed us at Serubaya. All who don't escape are fated to perish out there unless the Lisbon tyranny is ended."

Tyranny! That is how it always is. Governments saying these political opponents are dangers to the State. And the deported ones alleging a foul tyranny in answer.

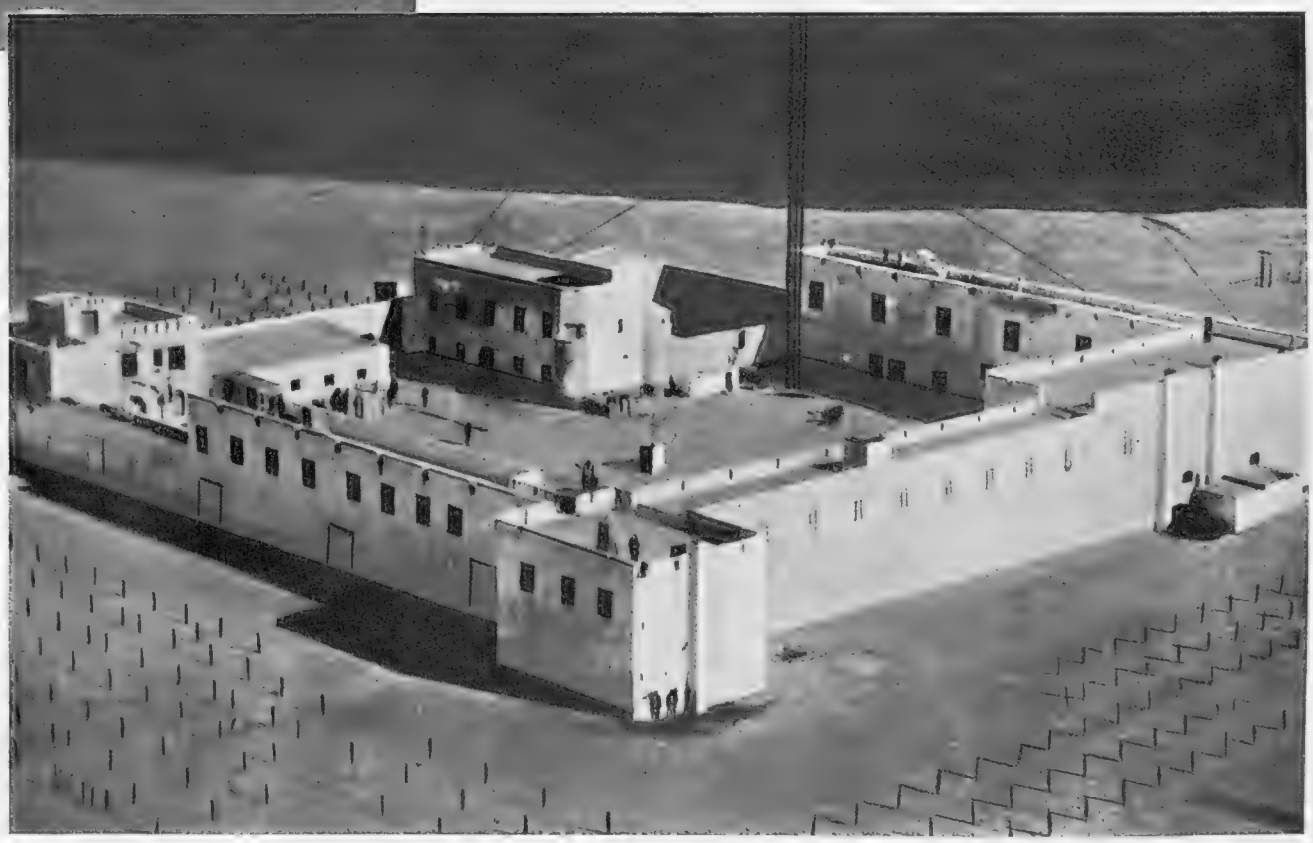
There are elements in the latest wholesale deportation to be signalled—of the grandees of Spain and of writers of the Right—which call for special mention. It seems clear in effect, that the strong man of Spain did some monarchist mopping-up of an exceptional description on the excuse of the Sanjurjo one day's wonder of August last. Time and again, where the law declined to prosecute, the Government stepped in and put down the man in question for deportation. In this way the list swelled to 138 and, very conveniently, it contained most of the names of the big landowners whose lands the Government desired to expropriate. Also, a sop was thrown to the Left which had protested repeatedly against the further detention of the Communists in Africa. Now the grandees should go and join the Communists! And balance things. Many, as I say, had been reported on as not implicated. They were shipped just the same, their estates being required, without indemnification.

Grandees of Spain! Where are many of you to-day? The Duke of Medina Sidonia, whose ancestor was the first grandee to be made in 1454, has seemingly escaped Villa-Cisneros. Not so other dukes and marquises who could remain sitting, and keep their hats on, in the presence of the Sovereign, and also call on the latter whenever they chose. However, only about one in ten of titled Spaniards could claim to be grandees; the payment for elevation to which rank — on the recommendation of other grandees—used to be 65,000 pesetas for a duke and 40,000 for an ordinary grade. To-day they are missing, the dukes and grandees, besides Comrade This and Comrade That. In concentration hutments below the square white fort of Villa-Cisneros. The monarchists were allowed a farewell interview with their families at Aranjuez. Then they went on, third class, to Cadiz, where embarkation on the small boat *España 5*, was secret. There had been demonstrations and counter-demonstrations along the way. At Xeres, a group of young women had said: "Rest at ease. We, the women remain, and against the women the Government can do nothing!"

The population of Villa-Cisneros now numbers roundly 700 souls, made up as follows: 200 blacks, 60 Berber notables, a small number of native transients, a Spanish garrison of 150 officers and men, an aerodrome and flying personnel of 40, and then the enforced Government guests, 72 Spanish Reds, and 138 of the aristocracy and newspaper firmament. There are only 4 or 5 white women in the settlement, wives of officers and officials, and it is not yet known if Azaña will follow Mussolini and allow out families. Nor, as yet, are the Spanish deportees paid. They just draw rations and can spend whatever they may receive, up to a strict limit, from relatives at home. It is doubtful if families could live locally. The heat is "like a Spanish summer," but there moans a perpetual and dreadful wind which blows dust and sand into everything making life a burden. Nothing can be evolved to keep the dust and sand out; one eats it. Moreover, there is a complete absence of water locally; so much so, that once a fortnight a steamer arrives from the Canaries with eighty barrels, each containing 200 litres. This vessel also brings meat and cereals, for the only items of food to be obtained on the spot are fish and mutton. The garrison can acquire great lobsters for two pesetas each, and a sheep for five. Life locally is the abject monotony of any African outpost, plus the above special drawbacks. But for the animation provided by occasional aeroplane flights and the arrival of the air mail, the daily round is deadly, and one dreads to think how men of a certain mind and cultivation will weather it.

A FRIENDLY NATIVE OF CAPE JUBY: Although some natives are unfriendly to the Spaniards, others are employed to fly with the Air Mail and serve as interpreters in case of a forced landing. Speaking generally, the natives of the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Juby are friendly towards Europeans. Those of the hinterland are not, and formidable bands from the interior sometimes visit the coast on marauding expeditions

That there will be attempts at escape is certain, though hardly by sea which is too rough. But the natives are experts at leading whites away on land. They prevail upon soldiers with the "cafard" to come with them: they will guide them to French civilization and freedom! The soldier is tempted; he starts off over the endless sand with his saviours; in the night these leave him surreptitiously; and next day some different natives happen upon the lost figure quite "by accident"—and take him back to the fort at Villa-Cisneros where awaits a stipulated reward for all who bring in deserters. The natives also hold aviators to ransom, when these make forced landings. The French air mail on the way to South America flies over the territory and has more than once lost personnel until heavy sums have been forthcoming. How the natives must now be brightening up at the prospect of leading out grandees and reds across the desert!



LA CASA DE MAR: A small fort situated in the sea some 200 yards from the coast of Cape Juby

THE RESTING PLACE OF 1,000 SPANIARDS: A close-up view of Villa-Cisneros, where some thousand Spaniards ranging from Red Communists to equally intractable Royalists—and their guardians loyal to the Republic—are incarcerated. Note the barbed wire entanglements surrounding the fort

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GUARDS: A member of the Brigade stands to attention as he views, at Les Bœufs, the tombstones commemorating those of his comrades who fell in the War

WITHIN SOUND OF THE CHANNEL WAVES: An aerial view of the cemetery at Etaples, where over 10,000 officers and men lie entombed

The War is over and Peace has come;
Sword and sabre are laid away;
Mute is the music of fife and drum;
Dumb are the guns' grim mouths to-day.

Children may laugh and sing and play
Not watch for a wire with eyes askance;
Paid is the price we had to pay—
Popples bloom in the fields of France.

—G. H. W. R.

A VAST SEA OF BRICKS, MORTAR, AND CEMENT

Modern London Seen from the Air— A Picture Taken a Few Days Ago

This striking aerial picture of the world's metropolis demonstrates with surprising clarity certain features little realized by those who have not seen the city from this angle—notably the riven ravines of the streets that, in their continuity and sharpness of outline if not in their curvature of direction, recall rather the thoroughfares of an American city. In the grey huddle of the old city, white rectangles of novelty strike a decisive note. Along the Embankment, the Shell-Mex building, Brettenham House, and Unilever House may be discerned. Other new blocks are to be seen in Aldwych, the Masonic Temple in Great Queen Street, and, near St. Paul's, the new block in Queen Victoria Street. The bridges shown are the Tower, London, Cannon Street, Southwark, Blackfriars, and a section of Waterloo, while in the foreground to the left is seen the leafy interlude of Lincoln's Inn Fields

In the GRAVE *of* ANCIENT *of a* PRINCESS ILLYRIA

The Discoveries of Professor Vulitch

Of the Deccareti, a branch of the ancient Illyrian people who inhabited a great part of the Balkan Peninsula and the east of Italy centuries before the birth of Christ, practically nothing was known except their name until, in 1918, just before the end of the War, Bulgarian professors, accompanying the Army of Occupation, discovered at Trebenishte, two miles from the shores of the beautiful Lake Ohrid, a number of the graves of their princes or generals.

In 1930 Professor Vulitch of Belgrade University continued the investigation of what was then considered to be a military cemetery. The grave he opened then, like the seven others opened by the Bulgars, contained a wonderful set of arms, gold and silver ornaments, bronze vessels—one of most surpassing beauty—and utensils, and was obviously the resting-place of a warrior of high rank. Curiously enough, although in all these graves the objects found were arranged as though on a body—gold death-mask at the head, shield and arms in the middle, thigh guards below, and bronze bowls and dishes at the foot—no traces were found of the bodies themselves.

This year Professor Vulitch has found many new and interesting facts about this ancient people. Of four new graves he opened two contained no arms and bore many indications that they were the graves of women of high rank and great wealth. In one of them was a great bronze bowl, beautifully ornamented, containing a few pieces of bone—the first and only relics of bodies to be found in all the twelve graves opened hitherto. Careful study has shown that the bones are those of a woman 4 ft. 10½ in. tall, aged about twenty-one or twenty-two at death and who had, as a child, suffered badly from rickets.

This discovery of women's graves is of the greatest importance, for it destroys the earlier theory that these were the graves of leaders fallen in battle perhaps many miles from their homes. It is obvious now that it is the graveyard of a settlement of considerable wealth and culture which was probably the capital of the whole Ohrid district. Search is now being made for the site of this settlement, which is expected to yield rich spoils for the archæologist and the historian.

In the graves many articles of Greek origin were found. Their exact origin and date were uncertain until this year Professor Vulitch found two beautiful bowls of glazed pottery, "Droop cups" as classified by P. N. Ure, which are undoubtedly Attic work of about 540 B.C. Thus it is established that cultural and commercial relations existed between the Deccareti and the Athenian Republic.

Another discovery in the women's graves which is absolutely unique is that of an iron spade about 2 ft. 6 in. long, and a pair of iron tongs about the same length. This is the first time that such implements have been discovered in a grave in this district and, though their exact purpose has not yet been established, the discovery may throw much light on the customs and economic development of this little-known people.

Professor Vulitch had many strange adventures during his work. He is probably the only man alive who can claim to have slept in the grave of an ancient Illyrian princess.

These graves were just holes dug in the earth—not lined with stones or tiles. The objects intended for the use of the dead in the next world were spaced out on the bottom, and then a layer of stones some 6 ft. thick was piled on to keep thieves away and hold down the spirits. When the layer of stones had been removed from the first of the princess's graves to be opened, and Professor Vulitch had just realized with great excitement the extent of his success, darkness fell suddenly before the precious objects of gold, silver, bronze, and amber could be removed or photographed. Fearing lest thieves or curious persons should remove or displace the objects, the Professor spread his mattress over them and lay down to sleep.

Objects believed to have been fashioned by the local people themselves show the Deccareti to have been skilled craftsmen with a great sense of beauty and decoration. Among the most interesting of those discovered in 1930 is a huge wine bowl of bronze standing some 75 cms. high and decorated with a frieze of smiling horsemen and grinning Medusæ. The detail is of great beauty and excellent workmanship.

Among the finest finds this year are two tiny vessels, used to hold cosmetics, fashioned from multi-coloured glass. The colouring is delightful. A well-preserved gold death mask and a set of large glass beads, through which the light shines with delicate rainbow tints, are also of great interest.

H. D. H.

A BRONZE WINE-CRATER: This is 75 cms. in height and is decorated with a frieze in relief embellished with naked horsemen. The tripod and the handles are ornamented with grimacing figures of Medusæ or, perhaps, the prototype of some kindred local legend

STEVE DONOGHUE OF TREBENISHTE: A detail of the frieze from the wine-crater shown above

A DETAIL, obviously Greek in feeling and atmosphere, from the superb wine-crater, shown above, found in an Illyrian grave

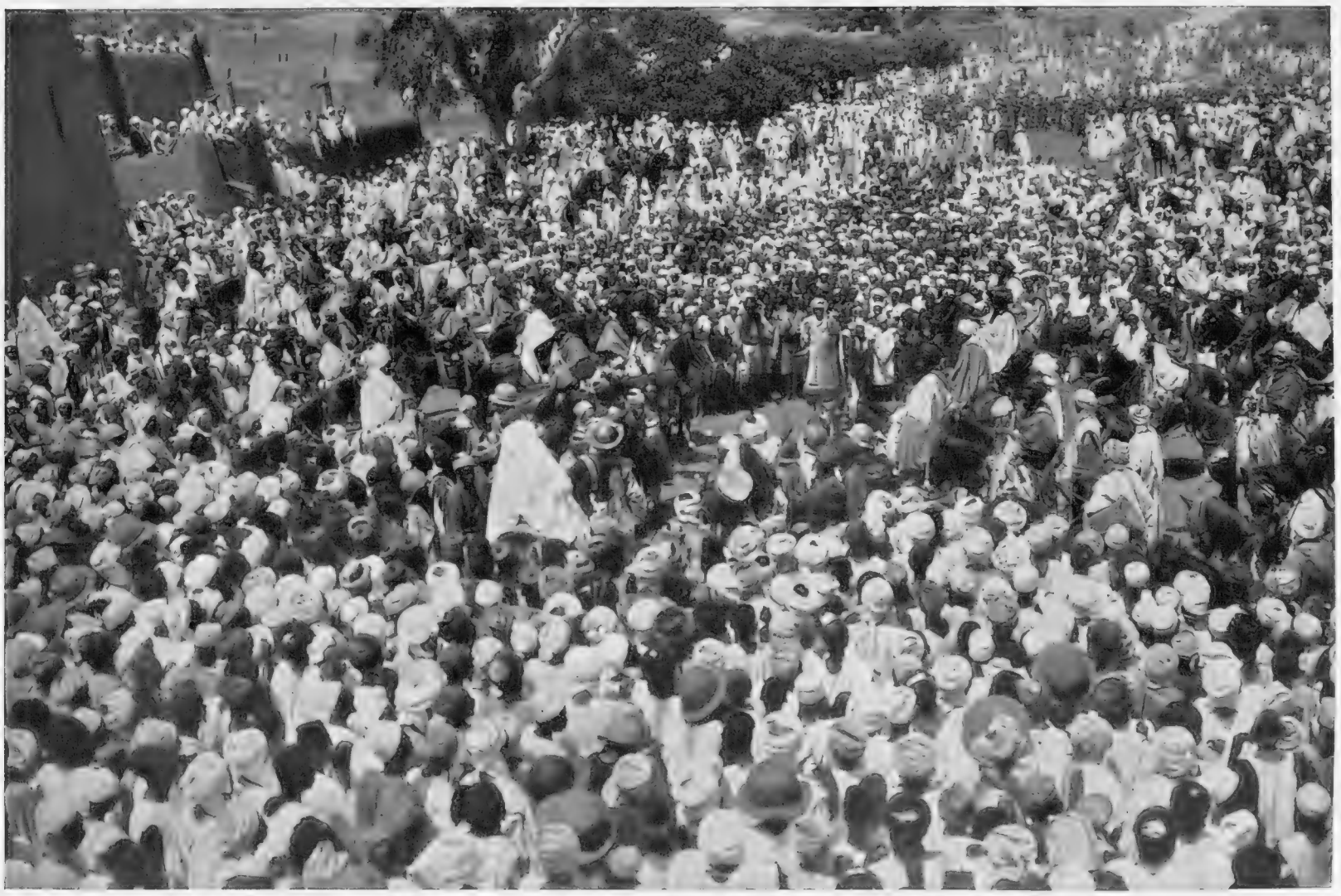
THE TRIPOD, ornamented with grinning Medusæ and embellished with hounds passant, of the wine-crater seen above

A DEATH MASK executed in thin gold plate. The nose-piece is attached with gold ribbon. This was found in a grave in Illyria void of a skeleton

THE METALCRAFT of the sixth century B.C. is here seen in all its little-realized magnificence of workmanship

A KAMARIA SALLA AT ZARIA

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP BY THE HEADMEN OF THE ZARIA DISTRICT: The district headmen are drawn up in groups of a half-a-dozen and proceed to charge towards the Emir, who is stationed in front of his palace, from the roof of which these pictures were taken. They rein up sharply and raise the clenched fist in salute



A PRIMITIVE LOUD-SPEAKER: The official crier of the Emir acts, as it were, as a primitive loud-speaker during the days of the Kamaria Salla. He repeats the wise words of advice uttered by the Emir during the Kamaria Salla festival

The festival known as the "Kamaria Salla" takes place at Zaria, in Nigeria, at the time of Ramadan, writes the correspondent who sends these pictures. (Ramadan takes place at no fixed time, being a lunar celebration). The district heads assemble at Zaria ten days before the end of the feast. As soon as the new moon is seen, a warning gun is fired and is the sign for much immediate jollification. The next morning the Emir and his suite and the populace go out in silence (no little feat for a native of Zaria) to the praying field. When the service is over the salutes and merry-making begin. Visitors and officials gather on the roof of the Emir's palace to watch the fun. The whole population are wearing clean clothes for the occasion; usually they are allowed to get very grey before washing. The Emir speaks words of counsel to both district heads and these are repeated by his crier. The court jester is also very busy during the period of merriment.

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THE "SCISSEL" is the technical term for the perforated skeleton from which "blanks"—i.e. coins before they have been struck—are made. The scissel is returned to the melting pot

SIMPLY COIN

This week I have seen so much money of all denominations that I am completely dazed. I have seen banknotes hanging up to dry as if they were so much laundry. The sight and sound of silver coins spouting out of machines like a silver fountain have hypnotized me. When I went into the Diamond Market at Antwerp and saw Assyrian-looking merchants producing thousands of pounds' worth of stones from their waistcoat pockets, trouser pockets, and elsewhere, it seemed the ultimate Eldorado. But I had not yet been to the Royal Mint or to the banknote factory at New Malden. Even now I have been unable to obtain permission to see the Bank of England's printing works at St. Luke's in Clerkenwell, although I have a cousin who is a director of the Bank of England. It appears that you must get a permit from Mr. Skinner or Mr. Norman himselves, and this might have taken a lifetime to achieve—dodging up ships' gangways or travelling in the tube. But I have seen Scottish banknotes being made, and English 10s. stamps, and Lloyds Bank cheque books, and paper currency being manufactured for foreign countries all over the world, as well as the Federated Malay States. And I cannot tell you how fascinating it is to see bundles of banknotes being printed and stacked in their hundreds of thousands.

It is hard, really, to know where to begin. But we might start with the interesting statistic that an ounce of standard silver is spread over 10s. (precisely 122·1 pence) nowadays, and with the market price of silver having slumped to about 1s. 6d. an ounce, you find by deduction that 1s. at the moment is worth about $1\frac{3}{4}$d. apart from the copper, zinc, and nickel which form the other half of the metal and that a half-crown is worth about $5\frac{1}{2}$d. This is due entirely to the fact that the actual value of silver has decreased and is not to be ascribed to a debased coinage and still less to the lowering of the coin's internal—although not intrinsic—worth. Until 1919, when the price of silver rose alarmingly, thirty-seven-fortieths of our silver coin was pure silver. To-day it is half-and-half, like the Jugoslavian 20-dinar coins which I saw being minted, and unlike the Polish silver coins, which I also saw being minted, and which are three-fourths the real thing. It is in favour of the bank and to the disadvantage of bank-note printers that the low price of silver is causing country after country to withdraw its paper money of small denominations and to substitute for them a silver coinage. Cases in point are Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, and Jugoslavia, which gave the Mint its latest order for 5,500,000 50-dinar coins only last week.

Tourists are only too pleased, of course, to have solid metal in their hands instead of greasy, torn notes. By the same token, the Bank of France has been minting silver for about four years to take the place of those dreadful 5-franc and 10-franc notes. But they have not issued them yet. And in any case France, like Germany and Italy, is one of the few countries that does not employ Great Britain to make its notes or its metal currency. The fact that so many lands do so employ us is perhaps the greatest possible testimonial to English workmen and English workmanship. For twenty-five years a private English firm has made all the paper currency for Spain. Even when the Republic was established, and every possible change was made, there was none in the printing of the paper money. When King Carol succeeded his own son, the Royal Mint was merely told to change the effigy on the coin.

GAZING INTO CAVERNS OF PRECIOUS METAL: The "blanks" are washed in revolving drums and sprayed with an acid solution to clean them. They are then sprayed with clean water and dried with hot air

Yes, London and its suburbs make the money for half the world. Since 1923 the Mint has coined approximately 300,000,000 foreign coins. This excluded the many more millions made annually for the Colonies and Dominions. Thereby hangs a tale. The wily colonials, realizing how cheap silver has become, have been asking the Mint to take back thousands and thousands of pounds' worth of silver coins at face value, and the Mint has been compelled to do so. This action was partly precipitated by the fact that when the War was over and wages had dropped, and unemployment had set in, there was found to be far too much money knocking around, or rather sitting idle in the banks.

It takes a visit to the Mint and a conversation with the Curator to realize fully what is meant by circulation. It needs also a clear mind to differentiate money as money from money as a disc of metal. But admittedly this becomes easier when you see thousands upon thousands of silver coins with no effigies or marks on them being minted and sorted. They look like so many chips at Le Touquet or Deauville, and you easily lose respect for them even though they are made of silver. In a minute I shall describe some of the processes through which the coins go. But the overwhelming impression is one of security and protection from bad coinage and forgers.

You see men throwing out coins for every possible reason. One will sit beside a chute with a revolving drum at the top. You find him and others like him in a cubicle reclining with the apparent nonchalance of a Roman Emperor and listening to the tinkle as the coins shoot out at the rate of 100 a minute. His livelihood depends on his hearing. Once every six or seven minutes his sharp ears will detect a false note in the musical cascade, and he grabs the coin from the ever-growing pile. Another sits in front of a magic carpet on which the coins approach him with never-ending relentlessness. He stoops over them, picking them out, hour after hour, for surface defects. Another man stands over a perforated sheet of metal and pushes the unstruck discs over it. Those which are damaged fall through the perforations. But there are hundreds of others which must be rejected for "spoilage" of one kind or another. I do not know if that is the technical word at the Mint. But it is the one they use at Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co. Ltd., where they make the banknotes at New Malden. Notes are rejected and coins returned to the melting pot for faults so seemingly insignificant that there is no possible chance of counterfeiting.

One of the biggest orders the Royal Mint has had was for 63,000,000 coins in $\frac{1}{2}$ roubles and 5 kopeks for Russia. That was in 1924. Idealistically the Soviet wanted to turn its paper currency into coin at one fell swoop, and with the aid of the Royal Mint it did so. Two years ago Greece asked for the minting of 42,000,000 coins—nickel ones of 5 drachmas and silver ones of 10 and 20 drachmas. Rumania, in recent years, has ordered 42,000,000 coins. The order continues, and a further 20,000,000 have been made. In 1928 they wanted some gold coins—a jubilee affair in the form of old-fashioned ducats which were not likely to circulate, but looked nice. Egypt is the only other country which has asked for gold coins in recent years. We ourselves stopped minting sovereigns in 1917, but did a small recoinage of sovereigns in 1925. The practice has stopped. After all, it would be silly to make gold pounds when they are worth twenty-nine shillings. After the Free State came into being the Mint made all those silver coins with pigs and fish on them. When I was at the Mint I saw them making two centavo pieces for Guatemala. Among the Mint's more recent customers can be counted Irak, Hedjaz, Lithuania, Albania, and Latvia. Special dies and sometimes special machinery have to be made for them. Ceylon indulged in a square coin. The West African half-penny has a hole in it. You need special tools for that. But Irak coins with the effigy of King Feisal on them have scalloped edges. Those are the very dickens.

INSPECTION FOR FAULTS, after checking by weight and appearance, is undertaken by three men as the pieces pass along a moving band

But now come with me to the black and white room where they are cooking ingots of silver for Poland. There is a row of ovens with greenish flames peeking out from the "dish covers." Soon you see a huge pot of metal, red hot, being swung across the room on a pulley. A tester takes a spoon, long enough for supping with the devil, and pours out a melted mass like orange curaçao into a pail of water which hisses at the impact. A moment later he pours it into a plate and carefully removes a small amount and does it up into a package. It looks like a lot of crushed walnuts. It has not the slightest resemblance to silver.

Elsewhere in the room you see bars of silver which are coppery in colour. They are a yard or so long, and flat and narrow. When they are spread out on a bench with a workman hammering a distinguishing mark on them, they look in the mass like Vulcan's Xylophone. You wonder what happens to the waste silver, but discover that every ounce of silver in the Mint is checked up and weighed and found to tally before the men can leave work. Why, at a later process where the discoloured silver is subjected to a bath of diluted sulphuric acid, you are told that the liquid is all returned to store and filtered for the purpose of getting back every scrap of metal.

Soon you see a machine which flattens out the bars of silver to the exact thickness of the destined coin. Nearby is a punching machine which punches out the "blanks," as the coins are called, while they are still discs of metal and have no distinguishing mark. The perforated skeleton of the silver bar which is left is called traditionally the "scissel." This also,

ING MONEY:

Britain has been for Years the Financial Centre of the World: To-day She is the Money-making Centre for Three-quarters of it

By CHARLES GRAVES

of course, goes back to the melting pot. The silver is still greyish in colour when the discs are sifted over the sieve in the process I have already described. Next the edges are rolled. And so it goes, up to and beyond the point where the coins are weighed and where one in 400 is found to be too heavy or too light (sometimes they run one way, sometimes the other). In the final room you visit you see the coins in sacks waiting shipment.

Before the War the Mint made 30,000,000 sovereigns a year. Since the War it has turned a number of them back into gold bars. This is the opposite of what you might expect when you take into account the enormous extent to which gold has cast its shadow upon the whole economic world. But gold has been busy consuming its own tail. There was never any question of reducing the gold content of the sterling pound, although medieval monarchs always did this when they were hard up. It may sound paradoxical, yet, so far from the increased demand for gold resulting in an increased demand for the coin, there has been a huge redundancy of the latter and a steadily increasing demand for gold bars, particularly from the Bank of France.

So much for gold. As far as silver is concerned, we have now withdrawn about £50,000,000 worth of silver minted before 1920. And there is still some £5,000,000 worth or so unaccounted for. When you consider, though, that we have been making silver coin which is still current, for over 100 years, it is a fairly low percentage. The reason for withdrawing it was twofold. On the one hand, as I have said, silver as a metal was reaching ridiculous heights. On the other, by melting down the silver and reissuing it as British coin in a far smaller proportion of silver compared with copper, we were able to sell off the surplus to foreign countries both in bulk and in coin at a very nice profit. The Mint would have to have a very large annual grant from the Government (it employs over 400 skilled craftsmen and workmen) if it were not for its manufacture and export of foreign currencies.

The truth of the matter is that the Mint only mints English money on off-days. What it really likes to do is to mint money for other countries. The day I was there I bought a brand new 5s. piece, but no English money was being made. For the Mint must be regarded as an export money-factory which makes tenders and gets contracts from clients in all parts of the world. When it is slack it does the routine job of turning out English currency. During the year 1930 the Mint made nearly 5,000 5s. pieces (chiefly for collectors because the tradition associating them with dismissal among the lower classes has made them extremely unpopular in trade); 800,000 half-crowns; nearly 6,000,000 florins: something over 3,000,000 shillings; practically 17,000,000 sixpences, and more than 1,250,000 threepenny bits.

It is interesting to record that more than half of the total overseas issue between 1920 and 1930 of these irritating small coins went to New Zealand where so many worthy Scotsmen flourish and evidently maintain their thrifty traditions. The Mint also made 29,000,000 pennies in 1930, 12,500,000 halfpennies, and no fewer than 4,000,000 farthings. Though the latest statistics are with the printers, and are therefore unobtainable, I understand that the figures for 1931 will show much the same proportion.

Who would have thought that so many more florins than half-crowns are needed by the public? For it is all a question of supply and demand. The quantity of farthings is also striking in every sense of the word. The making of fourpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and penny Maundy coins in silver is an interesting historical survival; all told, they amount to about 7,000 annually. The grand total for the year was nearly 200,000,000 coins, which means quite a lot every day if you exclude Sundays and include 46,000 gold coins for abroad.

So much for the Mint, which is always on the look-out for big national stabilization orders—of the 40,000,000 variety. Now come with me to New Malden. If a half-crown is worth only 5½d. at face value nowadays, a banknote is not even worth the ½d. worth of paper on which it is printed, except for papering walls, if it can be forged. And so the greatest possible trouble is taken to obtain security. In addition to watermarks the best possible guard against forgers is to have a portrait on the banknote. A properly engraved portrait with its fine lines and living likeness cannot easily be reproduced without the breaking or the thickening of the fine lines, with a consequent alteration to the expression of the face, which attracts attention and immediate exposure.

The Bank of England is singularly old-fashioned, and has no portrait of King George on our pound and ten-shilling notes. At least, though, the notes are no longer printed by photogravure as they were when they were issued by the Treasury a year or two ago. Security being the breath of life of the banknote manufacturer, he will dwell at great length on his efforts to prevent forging. With the continually improving methods of photography—and the banknote forger always works with a camera—the aim of the banknote manufacturer is demonstrably to produce something which offers the greatest possible difficulty to photographic reproduction. This can be achieved only by several different printings in different colours which fog the camera, and prevent the potential forger from separating these printings with the use of colour filters.

Security, security, security! It sounds fantastic, but it is true that at a banknote factory every inch of paper is counted on arrival, and at the end of each day it has to tally with the amount handed out for printing. Every scrap of waste banknote paper is collected and accounted for. There are checks and double checks all the way. "In every job we do, we assume complete responsibility," one of the directors told me. "When we have finished our printing order we give to the client a balance certificate. On one side of it we show the amount of paper ordered from the paper manufacturer, together with the latter's certificate. On the other we show how we used it. Now come and see the factory at work." As we went round he showed me specimens of New Zealand notes with a Maori on them, and of Sarawak decorated with the portrait of Rajah Brooke, the White Rajah.

As we walked around, a number of machines were turning out notes for one of the British Colonies. Another was printing scrip. A third was making £20 bonds for a Polish city. A fourth was giving birth to Icelandic 10-kroner notes. A fifth was producing a Spanish aviation issue. In another room a machine giving off a purplish light was surrounded by postage stamps. The light is such that an exposure of five hours to it is equivalent to twenty-four hours of local daylight. Stamps must not change colour.

Elsewhere I saw a machine carving up the page-sheets of banknotes into their final form; a machine which put the gum on stamps. Time and again I had to ask why a particular note was discarded. They all looked marvellous to me. Another girl passed sheet after sheet of banknotes—at the rate of 100 a minute—over an electric lamp to see that the water mark was all right. I got quite dizzy trying to follow her movements. I was told that the paper of which banknotes are made has to be of a strength to withstand 2,000 double folds without breaking. I was told that the engraving is done by specialists who are highly paid. I was told that the smallest order at the factory was for a single bond, while one of the largest was for 1,500,000 bonds for the National Bank of Greece, each the size of a double page of THE SPHERE and without a word of English lettering on it. It looked like a banknote when it was completed and had to be made in seventeen different denominations by men who did not know a word of Greek.

The final scene was the wooden boxes of banknotes, sealed, wired, and ready for transport by lorry to the nearest port. There are many men on each lorry, and they know quite well how to protect themselves and their precious burdens, whose very existence is the greatest possible proof of international belief in Great Britain's security.

THE TELLING MACHINE AT WORK: This astonishing device counts pennies into five-pound bags, each holding 1,200 coins

THE DELICACY OF MECHANISM: So accurate is this scale that it will record the actual weight of a hair. Iraq 10 Fils coins are on it here

THE SCOTTISH COIN! The stamping machine for three-penny pieces—a coin overlong popular in New Zealand. Over 1,250,000 of them were minted in 1930

Courtesy of Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co.

EXAMINING BANK NOTES IN SHEET FORM to obviate the possibility of any inaccuracy and to ensure absolute uniformity in colour, watermark, and register of the various printings

AT THE SANCTUARY OF

FIRST PICTURE OF THE REMOTE MONASTERY OF BELI-MIAO WHERE MAIDAR, THE COMING BUDDHA, IS ENSHRINED: This remarkable picture was taken by Hedin's recent main expedition through Mongolia and Turkestan. The temple buildings themselves rise as a dark mass in the centre of the white outlying monas the walls. The surrounding plain is crowded with pilgrims at the time of a festival

IN THE UNENDING WASTE · A Sven Hedin Expedition encampment in what the leader calls "the un distinguishing devices. The camels are forming up for a jour

From the recent Sven Hedin Expedition in Mongolia comes the remarkable picture of the Beli-Miao monastery, to which a special journey was made. This Lamaistic religious community live in an isolated townlet of buildings on a sandy plain surrounded by hills. Here once a year there takes place the unique festival of Maidar, or Maitreya, the coming Buddha or Messiah. Thousands of pilgrims swarm across the plain from the surrounding country to take part in the festival. It is a movable feast taking place at varying dates. There is an abbot bearing the name of Chiren Lama and also a "god" or incarnation corresponding to the rinpoche of the Tibetans. The Lamas arrange themselves in the form of a procession in one of the inner courtyards, and extracts from the teachings of the coming Buddha are read aloud. Musicians lead the way. The Grand Lama walks under a canopy. Soldiers carry an image of Maidar. Numerous masked figures

MAIDAR, the Coming Buddha

one of the side exploratory parties from Dr. Sven
ery buildings. The shrine of Maidar is without

nding waste." The tents are marked with large
ly

llow. The procession leaves the monastery, encamps
n the open plain, takes tea and refreshments, and then
nakes a circular tour round the sanctuary of the
Buddha. They march completely round the monastery,
pausing at each of the four quarters of the heavens.
A return is made to the inner temples, where prayers
are said in the presence of countless pilgrims. On
right the banner of the God Maidar, 18 ft. high, and
on left a wall painting at Bei-Miao.

ENCAMPMENT OF A NOMAD MONGOLIAN FAMILY: Amid the great wastes of Mongolia, one comes upon these encampments of the Nomads, with their attendant camels and sheep

PLAYS OF TO-DAY:

"MY HAT!" Mr. Hugh Wakefield discovers Miss Margot Grahame in the latest Henson-Shephard farce at the New Theatre—a fixed stage farce

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Mr. Somerset Maugham have each had a play produced in the course of a week, thus affording both evidence of a certain liveliness in the theatre and also an opportunity of comparing the methods of two fine dramatists.

In the eyes of neither does the world seem a very desirable place. If the Restoration Drama is a mirror of life as lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Lonsdale-Maugham picture will give to posterity an unattractive notion of how the world wagged in the early half of the twentieth.

Fortunately for the indefatigable optimist, no dramatist can concern himself—at any rate for the time—with more than that small section of humanity that is the scope of his play.

Mr. Maugham has shown the effect of the War on a certain middle-class family. There may be tens of thousands of families affected in the same fashion. On the other hand, one may be permitted to think, as I do, that there are not, and that Mr. Maugham is taking too gloomy a view of things. That is a legitimate step if it makes, as in this case it does, superb drama.

Mr. Lonsdale shows us a group of people not likely to be affected by war or by anything, provided their finances remain healthy and their love-affairs, illicit or otherwise, untrammelled. Since they all appear to have heaps of money and to be able to flop about in the sun at Cannes when they are not playing poker for £1,000 or so at Melton Mowbray, they lead a life some of us might envy. Mr. Maugham's people, however, have a most unenviable time of it.

But to deal with Mr. Lonsdale first—*Never Come Back* at the Phœnix. His is a kindlier wit here than Mr. Maugham's. One knows so well that he knows that his gang are mostly rotters, and he knows that the audience knows. He just sets out to take these rotters and make game of them.

Among these wealthy and idle English folk are two Americans who are not idle. They are, in fact, crooks, and the way the crookishness of Smith, the more significant of the two, is revealed at the close of Act I is a clever piece of stage-craft. He can and does pinch a duke's pocket-book with as much ease as he eventually pinched the duke's girl, or, in language more appropriate to those apolaustic surroundings, caused her to transfer her affections to himself. The duke is a plump hedonist, and the portrait, as I suspect it to be, not flattering.

In Act II a diamond necklace disappears and a detective appears. But Smith has not taken the necklace; the thief is the girl he loves, a nice young American with a nasty old mother. She stole in order to get away from the mother and the duke—surely an odd method. Smith swears off pocket-picking because he is in love, and the girl, who is obviously not going to carry on the business on her own account, is quite penniless; so I was left wondering what the pair were going to live on.

But such doubts are more than balanced by that brilliant last act, which Mr. Lonsdale must have enjoyed writing as much as I enjoyed watching. So far as definite action is concerned, it is superfluous, for it is simply a witty discussion on the ethics of crookdom, carried on by Smith and his fiancée (Mr. Raymond Massey and Miss Adrienne Allen) and the detective. It is Shavian without the Shavian sprawl, for Mr. Lonsdale has a tidy mind. Frankly, I consider this the best act in London.

The rotters are all of them amusing, partly because they have first-rate things to say and also because there are fine players to say them. Mr. Athole Stewart is a dyspeptic peer of the Aynesworth creation, and is excellent. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, with a line which made me leap with surprise (surely it *must* mean what I thought it meant), is in her best form. Miss Viola Tree adds a characteristic touch, and Mr. Evelyn Roberts shows how to be sozzled aristocratically.

But far and away the best performance is that of Miss Nora Swinburne. In a smallish part she shows, with infinite charm, what should be done to be unforgettable without upsetting the balance.

In all his long list of plays, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," Mr. Somerset Maugham has written nothing finer than *For Services Rendered*. It is in his gravest and most severe mood. It lives up to his most uncompromising facial expression. It makes the audience uncomfortable and sends them into the black night with a still blacker depression. That is a tribute to his power and his skill.

Yet, as I have suggested above, there is no reason to imagine that the circumstances here have a universal application or that the whole world is peopled by Ardsleys—that family in a small Kentish town, a family whom Tchehov would have been delighted to know.

The defeatist note is, I grant, in evidence. The author may have been using as a mouthpiece for himself the blinded ex-officer who declared that honour and patriotism are just bunk. At the same time it is possible and, to my mind, probable that such bitterness was merely the outburst of one individual character in the drama who had every reason to be bitter. The blind man's father, a stuffy solicitor far more blind than his son in the perception of the realities of life, weighs in throughout the play with a sort of optimism which one might just as reasonably argue is the author's personal outlook, did one not know that in no circumstances could Mr. Maugham ever be fatuous. If he has piled on the agony in the last two acts it is for dramatic effect, and that effect is achieved with an unerring touch.

He is not preaching a gospel of gloom; he is using the theatre for a study in gloom, which is quite a different matter. As a work of art the play is almost perfect. And however hopeless the view it gives of post-War England, it does make one think about it.

To speak of entertainment value in connection with such a play as *For Services Rendered* at the Globe seems rather trivial because of the very word entertainment. Yet I do not think the public will be reluctant to support so forbidding a drama. For entertainment there is in the process of noting the skill in piecing it together, in allowing even the smallest touch to have its significance.

The picture is not elaborate. In a small town Mr. Ardsley is pompously happy: Mr. Cedar, a War *parvenu*, is richly happy, and Mr. Ardsley's son-in-law is drunkenly happy.

Everyone else round Mr. Ardsley is unhappy—his wife is unhappy because she is shortly to die of cancer; his eldest daughter, Eva, is unhappy because she is a drudge with no romance in her life beyond a hopeless passion for a retired naval officer; the naval

THE RETURN OF CYRIL MAUDE: Mr. Maude and Miss Fay Compton in *Once a Husband*, the play which offered to the former the opportunity to effect at the Haymarket his very welcome return to the stage

Eric Grey

MISS HARRIET BENNETT AND MR. JOHN GARRICK form a bright binary constellation in *Wild Violets* at Drury Lane

ROUND WE GO
FIR TREES AT

A Special Spherical Impres

Tuneful Spectacle at Drury Lane : Heartbreaking Drama at the Globe : And Other Matters of Moment

By PHILIP PAGE

officer is unhappy because he is desperately hard up; the second daughter is unhappy because of her sottish, common husband; the youngest daughter is unhappy because she is bored and fears the future; and the son is unhappy because he is blind.

It is hardly fair to attribute all this unhappiness to the War, though the War is answerable for much of it. The development, however, is swift and tragic. The naval man commits suicide. Eva goes mad with grief on the stage. The youngest daughter bolts with the *parvenu*, a married man double her age. The son-in-law presumably goes on drinking and the mother goes on dying. And the silly father goes on stirring his tea and chattering amiably about Old England overcoming her troubles if we all stick together, etc. Make of it what you can. That is the play. Flawless acting is demanded, and it is there. Miss Flora Robson (Eva) has the best opportunities and makes the most of them. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is the blind man—grimly symbolic. Miss Marjorie Mars has never made a mistake yet, and her eloping daughter is the best thing she has done. Miss Louisa Hampton, has touches of mordant humour.

Mr. C. V. France, Miss Marda Vanne, and Mr. S. J. Warmington all give of their best.

Mr. Hassard Short is the father of the new Drury Lane production, *Wild Violets*. He is very fond of stages that revolve and of houses and orchestras and things which move about on those stages. And the motto at Drury Lane appears to be "When father says 'turn' we all turn."

That Mr. Short has introduced the revolving stage at Drury Lane has been loudly proclaimed. It does not happen to be true, for I remember a revolving stage there in a piece called *Angelo* (which wasn't much of a thing) quite a number of years ago.

If Mr. Short, however, wishes to claim the credit for this device he is welcome, for should his production succeed it will be in spite of the revolving stage and not because of it. To me the infernal thing seemed to crush most of the joy and beauty out of the show, just as it crushed, and must invariably crush, all sense of illusion.

Mr. Aubrey Hammond had his clever scenery sadly handicapped. I can imagine few more tantalizing situations for a scenic artist than to realize that he has one of the largest stages in the world almost within reach, but that he must confine himself to sticking trees and half-houses on a little roundabout in the middle of it.

Not even swift progress was achieved, for there were, at any rate on the first night, unconscionably long periods of total darkness, relieved only by the glow-worm lamp at the tip of the bâton of Mr. Charles Prentice, the director of the remarkably excellent orchestra.

The only situation in which dimmed lights might have been reasonably introduced was that in which the two lovers have to indulge in a clandestine elopement, the girl escaping from her school by means of a ladder from a balcony.

This secret proceeding was carried out however in full view of positively the whole strength of the chorus, all bearing candles, with an extra row of students perched on a wall by way of a grand stand. In a piece sadly lacking in humour it was a welcome and humorous diversion.

Wild Violets has a certain ingenious charm, but the plot is on the weak side. An elopement in 1902 and precious little else is insufficient dramatic material for Drury Lane in 1932.

The dresses of the period are not pretty but they are certainly quaint, and as worn by those magnificently lovely young women, the Albertina Rasch dancers, they are a memorable sight. In Act I, by the way, these Rasch ladies wear much less; from a distant seat I imagine that nudist-gymnastic scene would appear pleasantly (or unpleasantly?) realistic.

Miss Charlotte Greenwood, with their material in another sense, soon got on good terms with the audience by means of her grotesqueries. Mr. John Ganich, the vocal hero, was extremely good. Miss Adele Dixon would be better were she less tense and restless. Mr. Morton Selten and Miss Jean Cadell had next to no chance at all.

But I would willingly hear many times Herr Parker Stolz's melodious and well-scored music.

AMONG THE DRURY LANE

sion of "Wild Violets"

To convey an impression of the moving quality of the great spectacle, *Wild Violets*, at Drury Lane, some impressions of a number of leading scenes are presented on a circular stage. In the foreground are Jerry Verno and Charlotte Greenwood on a strange tricycle. To the right is a vision of real skating, while farther round are a group of tuneful students, a schoolroom scene, the flight from the academy for young ladies, and on the left a group including Miss Greenwood and Messrs. Fred Conyngham, John Garrick, and Esmond Knight

Eric Grey

MISS CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD: The bright American star who moves among the fir trees and in and out of the pantry with great éclat

Philomel, a play with music at the Ambassadors, I found to belong to the pageant-charm category. It is not a good specimen of the type. Indeed, so turgid is *Philomel* that the addition of calomel might not be amiss.

The music is pleasant, but the play is of the slightest. It was not helped by the highly mannered method of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who was unwisely cast. It has its good moments, but not enough of them.

I am glad to find that alluring person, Marlene Dietrich, realizing (or making her directors realize) that it is high time that the methods of Teutonic sex appeal extended beyond the crossing of two shapely and silk-hosed legs.

This was for some time Miss Dietrich's stock-in-trade. She has now freed herself from the stocking-trade. *Blue Angel* was such a good film, not only thanks to Emil Jannings, that she could well have dispensed with such a trick. In *The Blonde Venus*, at the Plaza, she shows that she has plenty of other things upon which to rely. There is the film tendency to deal in "shop" and to make great concern with a plot of back-stage life. For the heroine is an ex-cabaret girl who is so much in love with her husband that she returns to the stage—an occupation we are led to suppose that she detests—in order to make money for him.

I could not be convinced by this alleged self-sacrifice. But by Marlene Dietrich's acting it was not at all difficult to be convinced. Herbert Marshall plays opposite to all this glamour with very welcome English restraint.

BOOKS: The Most Attractive Job: A Malayan Trilogy: A Placid Biography: And Two Short Lives: Four Fine Novels

By CECIL ROBERTS

One afternoon in a grim grey club in Pall Mall a dozen of us fell to discussing what was the most interesting job to have. The company included a judge, a banker, a bishop, a novelist, a K.C., an ex-ambassador, an editor of a newspaper, a man about town, and a big-game shooter. We had various points of view. The ex-ambassador strongly disavowed his profession. It had months of dreary labour entailing much detail work. One by one we all put in a disclaimer, and seemed agreed that the big-game shooter must be the envied man, but he speedily pointed out that big-game shooting was in no sense a job which is giving service for payment received. "I give no service to anyone, and I spend money."

It chanced that I had just finished reading *I Had Almost Forgotten*, by Charles B. Cochran (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), and I suggested to the company that perhaps the man who had the most interesting job in London was C. B. Cochran, who found his own jobs and always made them exciting. The company unanimously agreed, and if Mr. Cochran had been present he might have been surprised as well as amused to find himself and his mode of life envied by at least half-a-dozen men who had made notable successes of their lives.

It is not difficult to understand why the company should have agreed to my suggestion. The glamour of the stage is great at any time. It brings together young attractive people, or those possessed of extraordinary vitality or physical charm; it provides them with varied and interesting settings, there is the stimulus of applause, the exciting atmosphere created by highly strung temperaments; and, given success, rich rewards and swift fame. There is, of course, no continuity; youth and beauty pass, the tide of success recedes; even the most successful actor-manager meets with periods of failure and eventually slips into oblivion. Now Mr. Cochran experiences all the glamour of the theatre; he gambles with public opinion, he engages men and women of talent and charm, he entices authors and composers and artists into his circle, and sets them to work, but he makes no appearance himself. His rough material is youth and beauty and genius, he is a conductor of the orchestra of talent. A connoisseur of the human instrument, he travels the world picking out this man and that woman and transports them to the setting he has prepared.

It all sounds very attractive but Mr. Cochran probably has more cause for worry than any other man in London. The story of that worry is told in this most engaging book, and all the way through, whether it tells us of temperamental stars or champion boxers who would not box, it never seems like worry. Mr. Cochran has got beyond being surprised at anything in life and the last person he worries about is himself. "At this particular period of my life I had seven failures at once," he records. That would have finished most men, but not Mr. Cochran. His biggest flights were still before him.

MR. BRUCE LOCKHART whose *Memoirs of a British Agent*, ranging from Russia to Malay, are reviewed above

The most astonishing and, to any ordinary mortal, the most demoralizing thing, would be the fact that the big successes, artistically considered, are often financial failures. *The Miracle* met with unanimous acclaim and started off a roaring success, but "there was no life in the box office." Mr. Cochran undertook a crusade among the newspapers. They nobly responded and rallied round. The nightly takings were doubled for a time, "But it was obvious that the great public did not want *The Miracle*, for after this unexampled ten days' publicity campaign the receipts slumped again." Not even a Royal visit could sustain the play, and the run was terminated. Mr. Cochran has experienced many such successes, but he still goes on, drawing the talent of two continents to London. Naturally this book gives a whole chapter to the Cochran-Coward partnership.

This volume takes us all over the earth. No corner of the foreign stage goes unscanned, and the stories Mr. Cochran gathers together in this volume maintain his high reputation as an entertainer in the theatre or elsewhere. At the close there is a happy promise of another volume. Theatrical matters are so transient that I hope he will not long delay its successor.

Mr. Bruce Lockhart has a most remarkable story to tell in *Memoirs of a British Agent* (Putnam. 9s.). It is an account of the author's early life in many lands, and of his official mission to Moscow in 1918. He gives us one of the most vivid and moving accounts of the collapse of Russia I have ever read. But the historical aspect of his memoirs is by no means the most attractive part of this book. He is a born writer of autobiography, and can give a dramatic significance to the smallest personal matter.

The scene opens exotically and erotically in Malay, and the story of a youth's infatuation for a native girl and all the trouble it entailed, might have come straight out of the pages of Pierre Loti. Mr. Lockhart was fortunate enough to see the pre-War Russia and had, therefore, a picture to hold in contrast with the Bolshevik scene which he saw later. He went with the British Parliamentary Delegation in 1912, and the luxury and splendour with which that Delegation was received explain the disease that underlay Russian life.

A sugar millionaire in Moscow gave an entertainment at his palace, which seems to have come straight out of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*: "The whole house was a fairyland of flowers brought from Nice. Orchestras seemed to be playing in every ante-chamber." Now the owner is dead, the son is dead, the daughter lives in a two-roomed servantless flat in Munich. The palace was stolen from her by the Bolsheviks and sold to the British Government for its Embassy. The unfortunate woman journeyed in vain to England in 1930 to make a protest.

The chapters dealing with the Revolution make terrible reading. "The Revolution took place because the patience of the Russian people broke down under a system of unparalleled inefficiency and corruption." That is Mr. Lockhart's considered verdict. What follows in his story makes depressing reading. Blunder after blunder in dealing with Russia hurried her into the depths. The story of that fall is breathlessly told by Mr. Lockhart.

Sir Charles Mallet's memoir, *Herbert Gladstone* (Hutchinson. 18s.), presents the life of a man who, but for his distinguished parentage, would probably not have emerged from the mass of his fellows. But Herbert Gladstone worthily upheld a great name, and if without exceptional talent, he had a personality of charm and gave long years of conscientious labour to the State. There is nothing new or thrilling in this well-written memoir. We seem to have seen the last of the Liberal aristocrat-statesmen who combined a passion for democracy with a nice regard for employers, and were careful to create industrial peers. Here is a life that could not fail to have distinction, and it serves as a portrait of the quiet Englishman, born to eminence and comfort, who arduously followed a tradition of public service. Eton, Oxford, the Cabinet, a Governor-Generalship, he laboured in his closing days to keep life and unity in the great party that his father had led to power so often. The last years rich in friendship were quietly lived in rustic retreat.

BOOKS TO READ

JEHOL, CITY OF EMPERORS, by Sven Hedin (Kegan Paul. 18s.).

NONSUCH, LAND OF WATER, by William Beebe (Putnam. 21s.).

ASTRONOMICAL ATLASES, MAPS, AND CHARTS (Search Publishing Company. 18s.)

TREASURE HUNTING, by H. T. Williams (Nicholson and Watson. 16s.).

EDWARDIANS GO FISHING, by George Cornwallis West (Putnam. 10s. 6d.).

SOME DICKENS MEN, by Edwin Charles (Rich and Corvan. 12s. 6d.).

THE KENNETH GRAHAME BOOK (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

THEY COULD DO NO OTHER, short stories by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

FOUR FANTASTIC TALES, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

Some years ago a youth of seventeen, a cub-reporter, stood before the desk at which I functioned as a newspaper editor and proceeded to offer me some articles on the conduct of International affairs. Precocity has always appealed to me, but these articles had genuine merit and knowledge, perhaps due to the fact that their writer was a young Russian whose few years had already been crowded with experience. The enterprise he then demonstrated carried him eventually out to Penang, and, at the early age of twenty-four, to an editorial chair of his own. What he saw there in that tropical outpost he has now set down most vividly and engagingly in *Hail Penang* by George Bilainkin (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. 12s. 6d.)

The pearl of the East has provoked many books, but I find in Mr. Bilainkin's the virtue of outspoken courage and a fresh eye untrammelled by the conventional scene. We who sit at home can have little conception of the intricate problems of race and politics that confront the colonial administrator. As a newspaper editor Mr. Bilainkin saw all sides of the question, and he says something worth listening to when he speaks upon the matter of European prestige, the colour bar, and the future of Malay. But I should give a false impression of this most interesting book if I omitted mention of the humourous aspects of life on this exotic island. Mr. Bilainkin has a sleepless eye for the human comedy, and he observes everyone, from Hindenburg, the hotel page, to Voronoff and Noel Coward, transient visitors. The Chinese, the Tamil, the Malay, and the resident English are closely examined.

I cannot resist any book about Macaulay, short or long, and the name of Mr. Arthur Bryant as the author of *Macaulay* in Peter Davies's 5s. series of short biographies, added to the zest with which I picked up his book. *En passant*, is it not a little strange that while our novels get longer and longer, biographies tend to get shorter and shorter? Certainly this admirable series proves that a man's life can be quite adequately encompassed in 30,000 words. Mr. Bryant has done his work well, and here is "cock-sure Tom" striding on from success to success. A bachelor, he was even fortunate in possessing an adequate supply of adoring young nephews and nieces when his old age might otherwise have been dreary. And there never was a nicer uncle. He was not nearly so irascible as legend would have us believe. His last literary effort was the writing of a letter to a poor curate enclosing a cheque for £25. He was born when England was struggling for her existence, he passed when her sun shone in all its glory.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's study, *Prince Charlie*, in the same series, is as readable as everything must be that he writes, but I have an uneasy feeling all the time that this study is a tract in the Scottish propaganda which now absorbs some of Mr. Mackenzie's untiring enthusiasm. It is vividly, dramatically written, but it is intolerant and the work of an unforgiving Jacobite. The opening chapter points the way to a romantic story of Charles's parentage which I should like to see Mr. Mackenzie handle as a novelist rather than as an historian.

Here are four really excellent novels. Mr. John Galsworthy must fill every fellow novelist with despair and with hope. This last book *Flowering Wilderness* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a splendid refutation that a man is written out after a dozen novels. Here he comes again with all the old wizardry, that slow, quiet penetrative style that clothes in life whatever he touches. Here is the simplest story, that of a maid-in-waiting who fell in love with a poet, but into what delectable bypaths Mr. Galsworthy leads one. The criticism of life is as acute as ever. "All your mother's people were at Harrow. Winchester seems to me so superior and dry. And they never get any notoriety. If you hadn't been at Winchester you'd have been a pet of the newspapers by now." What an adroit criticism of Harrow to come from an Harrovian!

MR. CHARLES H. COCHRAN whose autobiography, under the name of *I had Almost Forgotten*, is reviewed above

The Provincial Lady is as preposterous as ever in *The Provincial Lady Goes Further*, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) What a subtle simpleton she is, what a consummate wire-puller in her perverted innocence, and how silly she makes civilization look. It all makes me want to live in Doughty Street, instead of round the corner, and to keep watch on the Provincial Lady's house. Provincial indeed!

We are back in Malay and along the enchanted coast of that archipelago in Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Narrow Corner* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) What a consummate craftsman he is! With the briefest of strokes he draws the picture of a doctor, a shifty captain of a lugger, and a young Australian whose "abduction" fills the hot air with suspense. Mr. Maugham has written nothing better than this relentless story of men in ruin.

Mrs. Lorna Rea has repeated her method of construction in *First Night* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). She is not quite so successful this time, for her study of the first night at a play jumps about too much between all the characters. Neverthelsss, this cross section of the theatre on the night of a first production is very clever and entertaining. Our sympathies are with the anxious young dramatist destined to fail, and quite unfairly I feel, we are made to detest critics. If I may say so, there are moments when Mrs. Rea is rather vulgar. Surely realism does not necessitate this, and recalling the charming *Six Mrs. Greenes* it seems an abuse of talent.

NOVEMBER DAYS on the Countryside

A RECORD OF LATE SUMMER: The Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club have recently been active in taking pictures from their Mousehold base of the surrounding country. This is a first impression of Broadland from the air

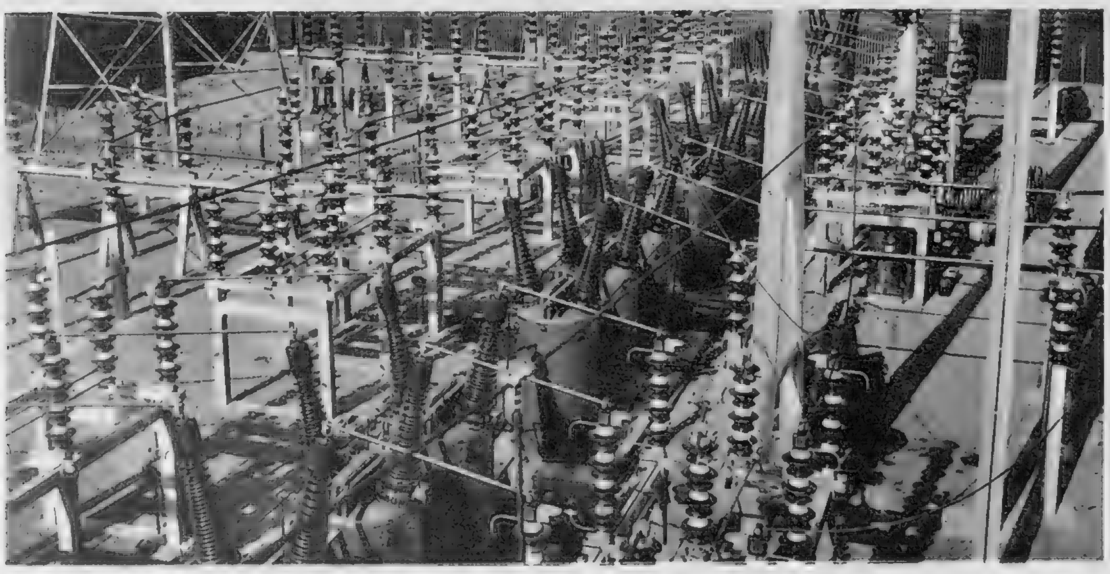
CHARACTERISTIC OF NOVEMBER STREAMS: Castlecombe in Wiltshire has been looking its autumnal best during the last few days. The stream which runs through this lovely village has been brimful lately

THE BEAUTY OF THATCH: How lovely good thatching can be is shown in the above view of an Elizabethan cottage in Warwickshire. Not only is the roof elegantly covered, but the little bay window has a special treatment

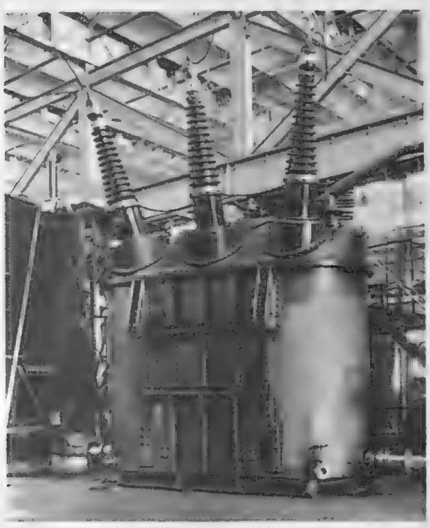
MOUNTAIN SHEEP MOVING TO NEW PASTURES: Just at this time of the year the Welsh shepherds are busy moving their flocks to new winter pastures. This flock was caught in the famous Abergiasiyn Pass at the foot of Mount Snowdon. They are taking their own time over the journey

AN OLD MARKET CROSS REVEALED: At Drax Hales, near Selby, the old thirteenth century market cross, long hidden in grass behind the church, is now being given a place of honour

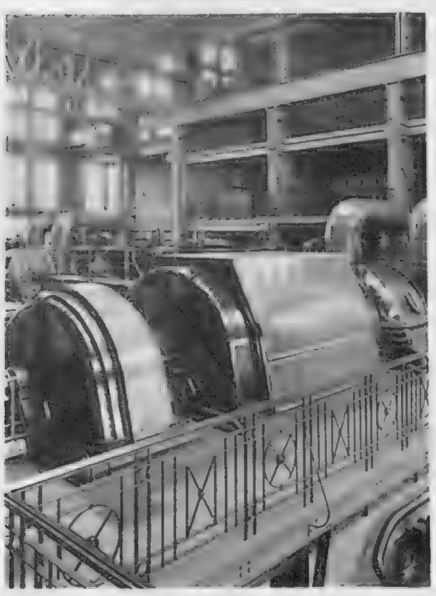
A NERVE CENTRE OF THE "GRID" SYSTEM: A view showing the striking appearance of the switch gear at Wakefield 132 KV Transforming Station, admirably designed to accomplish its purpose. The general theory of the "grid" scheme is to enable any given area to draw its required units from the central source of supply at a uniform voltage



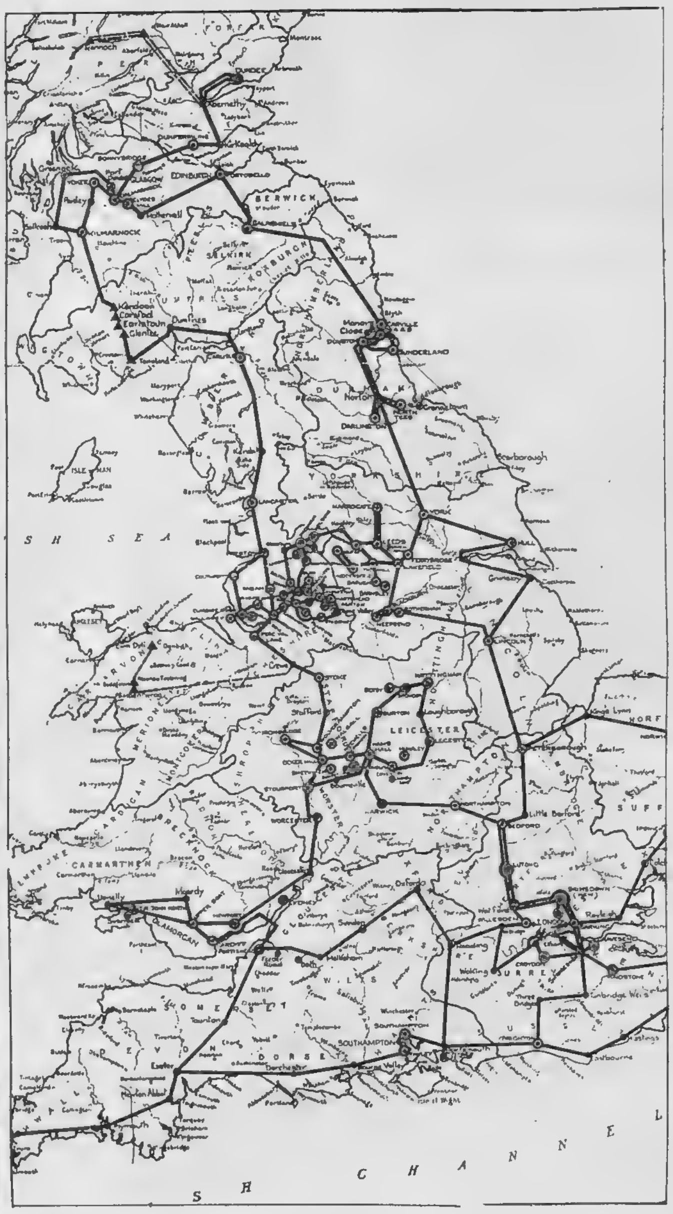
A SCOTTISH CENTRE: A general view of the 132 KV sub-station at Bonnybridge, Scotland. In addition to primary and secondary stations, there are 132 kilovolt transformer stations and also hydro-electric stations scattered over the country running North to Dundee and South to St. Ives; East to Yarmouth and West to Llanelly and Blaenau Festiniog



UNDER CONSTRUCTION: A 132,000/6,600 volt, 20,000 KVA transformer at the B. T. H. works at Rugby for the N.W. England scheme



TURBO-ALTERNATORS: Each of these beautifully designed turbo-alternators is rated at 25,000 KW (35,714 KVA), 3,000 r.p.m. 50 cycles, 11,000 volts at Leeds



MAIN "GRID" TRANSMISSION LINES: On this official map, primary stations are shown by a dot ringed by two circles; secondary stations by a dot with one; 132 KV transformer stations with a dot; and hydro-electric stations with a triangle

The GRID Scheme

A Reply to Last Week's Protest in the Interests of Beauty Against Electrical Development

The widespread use of electricity for power and lighting purposes in Great Britain has resulted in the establishment of a large number of independent supply channels differing from one another in many respects. From the consumer's point of view, the result has been that items such as lamps, motors, etc., purchased for use in one town are generally found useless if removed to another town. On the other hand, from the manufacturer's point of view, mass production has not been possible owing to the numerous variations of electrical supply in various parts of the country.

As a result of the Weir Committee and their report to Parliament in 1925, electricity commissioners were appointed to review the whole question afresh, and in 1926 the Electricity (Supply) Act made its appearance specifically for the purpose of co-ordinating the power supplies of Great Britain. Under this Act the Central Electricity Board was formed, comprising a chairman and seven members appointed by the Ministry of Transport. This body was authorized to borrow capital up to the limit of £50,000,000 for carrying out a specified programme. The programme included such items as concentrating the generation of electricity in certain selected stations at standard frequency, supplying electricity in bulk for distribution, which would naturally increase the availability of electricity and reduce the cost of production, and the construction of a network of main overhead transmission lines, now known as the "grid" system.

Up to the present £32,800,000 has been definitely sanctioned, out of which £7,500,000 is set aside for frequency standardization. The remaining amount will be required for the construction of power transmission lines, of which nearly 4,000 miles are already in being.

To carry out this work the country has been divided into nine primary areas, involving a complete 132,000 volt scheme for each area, apart from many secondary schemes for interconnection at a lower voltage. The eventual result will be that, when these various schemes are all in operation, any part of England, Scotland or Wales will be able to receive a supply of electricity at standard frequency (except in Northern Scotland, where no scheme at present has been definitely adopted). *(See map.)*

The map shown, reproduced by kind permission of *Electrical Industries*, illustrates the main "grid" transmission lines throughout Great Britain, which will connect the various generating stations and sub-stations, and by means of which power will be taken from the system for local distribution to any particular area.

The main benefit of the scheme has been found in the universal availability of power at standard frequency throughout Great Britain. Again, the execution of these "grid" contracts has placed many well-known electrical factories in a more favourable condition financially.

The standard towers, or pylons, in use are designed to carry single or double circuits, as may be needed. In the former case, conductors are strung triangularly, one side being vertical and spaced 12 ft., 19 ft., and 20 ft. On double circuit towers, the three conductors of each circuit are placed in a plane approximately vertical and spaced 12 ft., 12 ft., and 23 ft. In each case there is a steel aluminium wire strung between the apices of all towers.

Standard tower spacing is 900 ft., and minimum ground clearance 22 ft. at point of maximum sag. The spacing has been largely increased where the presence of valleys makes this possible, and a considerable amount of special tower work has been resorted to when necessary to overcome local difficulties or to take advantage of local peculiarities.

In some districts there has been considerable controversy regarding the spoiling of scenery by the "grid" transmission lines, and the actions of landowners, and of local amenity preservation societies, have hampered the execution of the scheme to some extent. In matters of this nature, however, the Central Board's officers have patiently made every effort to settle matters amicably, and only rarely have been obliged to resort to the compulsory powers available under the 1926 Act. The effect of the pylons is far less objectionable than the trunk telephone and telegraph lines to be found along every main road.

Great Britain is certainly not the only country introducing the "grid" system on a large scale, for America, Canada, and Germany are engaged on far more extensive overhead electrical schemes.

F. G. B.

MODERN MARVELS of MECHANICS

"FROM FPI, NO REPLY": Two scenes from the new Ufa production by Erich Pommer appear above and on the right. The theory of the floating aerodrome has here been translated into practice in the Baltic and, *on right*, the crew is seen taking to the boats as the artificial island begins to submerge

THE WORLD'S LARGEST HOLLOW FORGING: A 50 ft. reaction chamber with an internal diameter of 6 ft., which took five months to bore, has just been taken from Sheffield, where it was made, to Middlesbrough. It is seen at the L.M.S. Goods Yard in the Town of Steel

WILL NIAGARA DISAPPEAR? The power-houses at Niagara are utilizing so much of the water brought down to the great cascade that it looks as if the great phenomenon might one day vanish. This picture shows the gigantic canal on the Canadian side. There is another canal on the American side

FIREWORKS AT THE WATER-WORKS: At the £220,000 pumping station at Surbiton, to be opened by the Minister of Health, this surprising picture was taken. It shows the sparks showering forth during drilling in the boiler-room

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD: Miss Constance Bennett, to whose left is Mr. Allen Vincent, gives the lawyer (standing) her point of view—a tense scene from her newest picture to be run indefinitely at the Regal

THERE GOES THE BRIDE: Mr. Owen Nares (who in this picture wears the moustache that thrilled the flappers of 1912) with Miss Jessie Matthews and Miss Winifred Oughton in the British picture seen at the New Gallery

M. PAUL POIRET, the ex-king of fashion, is seen seated in this exterior shot of "Panurge." He plays the shoemaker, Ursule, whose apprentice (the title rôle) is played by M. Gerard Sandoz. The leading ladies (*left*) are Miles Darrieux and Lord

QUE MON NOM SOIT FLÉTRI; QUE LA FRANCE SOIT LIBRE! Danton (M. Jacques Gretillat) confronts his judges in the newest film of the French Revolution, "Danton," which shows it from its inception until Danton's death

FILMS of TO-DAY

British and Foreign

GERMANY'S STAR CAMERA-MAN: Herr Curt Courant is photographed (with Mr. John Halliday) by his own lens. He is shooting" Gloria Swanson's first British venture, *Perfect Understanding*

THE VANISHING FRONTIER: A scene from the latest film displaying the two-fisted men—and women!—of the California of eighty years ago, complete with highwaymen, bandits, Spanish peasants, soldiers, devoted Spanish maids, drunken brigands, misunderstandings, murders, rescues—and a happy ending

SALLY BISHOP: John Traill (Mr. Harold Huth) tells Sally (Miss Joan Barry) that he is giving her a settlement, but he is leaving her, a scene from the talkie version of the Temple Thurston book

Gifts

"Just what they wanted" at Gorringes—D. Todd's section begins

For the boy friend, a practical present with no unflattering reflection; an electrically illuminated shaving glass, or a pyjama case of modern mien. An en-tout-cas telephone stand on the bureau of the business-like would solve appointment problems, or an amenable folding table agrees to conversion into a screen when limited space demands. A cuddlesome white woolly dog with unlimited curiosity and fashionable overcoat desires to enter the youngest and brightest society in company with pacifist toy soldiers and an ennui relieving see-saw.

At Marshall & Snelgrove

London nights are enlivened by a scintillating cape of steely sequins on a svelte frock of black woollen fabric and a little white coat with a scarf collar intelligently appropriating one of the new crushed velvets. The pensive lady in the foreground wears a chic white crêpe gown garlanded with red flowers from the shoulder to the end of its low-cut décolletage at the back

Burberry: Among the Winners

A smart belted coat of beige-grey weather-proof material has an emphatic collar and revers of bright green leather to match its own hat, while a dark brown leather with sportive and protective impulse has a beaver collar and a detachable lining of musquash, light in tone and weight. Platinum fox is the appropriately decorative finish to a well-tailored coat of bright navy cashmere

Revillon's Winter Mode

ELEGANCES

on two smart occasions

Among the many fascinating interpretations of the evening cape a place of honour must be accorded to one of sable-dyed kolinsky of lovely lines accentuated by the furrier's art. The missing word to solve the problem of the perfect three-piece is supplied by Revillon Frères; a long coat and shaped skirt of orange-flecked brown tweed create a charming diversion with a collar of whitecoat dyed slate colour, and adopt a short hand-knitted pullover of brown wool, diagonally patterned and finished at the neck and waist with beige crochet work to complete the

ENSEMBLE

Don't be vague—ask for Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

FESTIVAL DOLLS of Old Japan

KITO KIYOMASA, the general who subjugated Korea in the reign of Hideyoshi in the sixteenth century

The third day of the third moon, the third of March, according to the new calendar, is noted in every Japanese family, rich or poor, as the day of the Girls' Festival, the *O Hina Matsuri*, or Feast of Dolls. In the weeks preceding it, shops and street-stalls are filled with dolls and all kinds of pretty little accessories. These dolls are not ordinary "*Ningyo*," but are preserved for the annual festival.

KINTARO, THE STRONG BOY, a fabled hero to every Japanese child. *On left*—Another aspect of this Japanese version of Jack the Giant Killer is seen

These beautiful things are heirlooms in a family. They are passed on from mother to daughter, and a set of dolls is regarded as an important part of a bride's trousseau. It is often possible to trace the various marriages in an old family by noting the *mon*, or crest, on the robes or belongings of the collection of Court dolls.

All these pictures are from Festival dolls, which have just been viewed at the Arlington Gallery by the Queen and crowds of appreciative spectators

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE, an old world classical court rite of Terpsichore whose character has remained unchanged

For the time of the Festival, a special tier of shelves covered with red cloth is set up in a quiet room, and on this the dolls are arranged; the Imperial couple seated above, their Court below. The shelves are decorated with miniature cherry and orange trees, replicas of those grown in the Imperial gardens in Kyoto; with silk flower-balls and tall lanterns. On the lower shelves are offerings of dainty food and rice wine, modern dolls, and many little trifles.

The Festival is the greatest day in the year for the little daughters of the house. Dressed in their most beautiful flowered *kimono*, and looking themselves like charming dolls, they entertain their parents and friends with dignity and grace, serving the thick, white *saké* and coloured sweetmeats that are a feature of this feast.

SHOKI, a mythical being supposed to hunt demons

When the happy day is over, the honourable dolls and their belongings are carefully stored away until another March comes round.

Photograph by Hoppé

Says this American visitor. *"Say, what's the big idea in your automobile markets? These new Standards, I mean. Why, boy, they're everywhere! They've certainly got some intelligence way back in that Standard joint. And* **how**! *Say, I guess what gets* **me** *are those darned prices. A swell six-cylinder automobile with silent third four-speed transmission and all the pep in the world for six-hundred dollars—why, boy, it's a cinch!"*

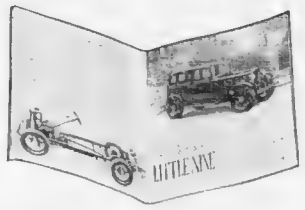
THESE are the cars he means—

£189 *The new "Little Twelve" six cyl. Saloon*

£215 *The new "Big Twelve" six-cyl. Saloon* (Self-change pre-selective gear models with direction indicator from £240)

£235 *The 1933 "Sixteen" six-cyl. Saloon*

Dunlop Tyres



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THE SPHERE OF THE COOK

CONCERNING VEGETABLES

The subject of vegetable cooking in England has so often been discussed that one feels that there is very little left to say about it. And yet nearly all the authorities and gourmets agree that vegetables are not cooked and served at their best in England, and we have it "straight" from Thomas Walker, magistrate, philosopher, and gourmet, in one of his essays in the *Original* which he wrote and edited himself between 1825 and his death in 1836.

"One of the greatest luxuries, to my mind, in dining, is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables well served up. . . . There is something very refreshing in the mere look of fine vegetables . . . a matter of study and combination, and a field for genius. . . . In French cookery vegetables meet with attention much more proportionate to their importance than in ours, and appropriateness in serving them is much more studied."

The reason for this great difference lies surely in the fact that we only consider vegetables as necessary accompaniments to meat courses, whereas in France many vegetables are cooked specially to be served as a separate course—a dish as good, as important, as any other on the menu. Here, having boiled their greens, their potatoes or what not, our cooks consider they have done all that is expected of them, while in French kitchens the cook begins where we have left off.

And here comes the question of superfluous vegetables. It is really quite unnecessary to serve three vegetables with an entrée where one would be sufficient, for not only is it wasteful both of time and money, but many dishes are spoiled by having any vegetable served indiscriminately with them. Besides which, if only one vegetable is served with the meat such dishes as *Endives Mornay*, *Epinards à la Crème*, or *Purée de Choux* can take their rightful place on the menu as *Entremets de Légumes*.

Purée de Choux au Beurre.

Take a white cabbage, remove the outside leaves and as much of the hard stalk as is possible, cut it into four or six pieces, and put them into boiling salted water. Cover the saucepan and cook until the cabbage is quite tender. Pour the cabbage into a colander, drain it very thoroughly, and mash it through a coarse sieve into a fireproof dish. Add more salt if necessary, pepper, a great deal of butter, and mix well. Put the dish in the oven until the cabbage is thoroughly hot again, and serve at once, preferably as a separate course, though it would go well with plainly roasted or grilled meat. It should not be served with a dish which has a sauce.

Epinards à la Crème.

Remove the stalks and wash in several cold waters 1 lb. of spinach and cook until quite tender in boiling salted water. Strain through a colander, squeezing out every drop of water, chop the spinach on a board, and then pass it through a hair sieve. Put this purée into a clean saucepan with butter, salt, and pepper, make it thoroughly hot, and pour in a coffee-cupful of cream, stirring it into the purée. This purée should be eaten by itself, garnished with a few croutons of bread crisply fried in butter, but it could be served with plainly cooked mutton chops or veal cutlets; it is also a good accompaniment to a hot ham.

Endives Mornay.

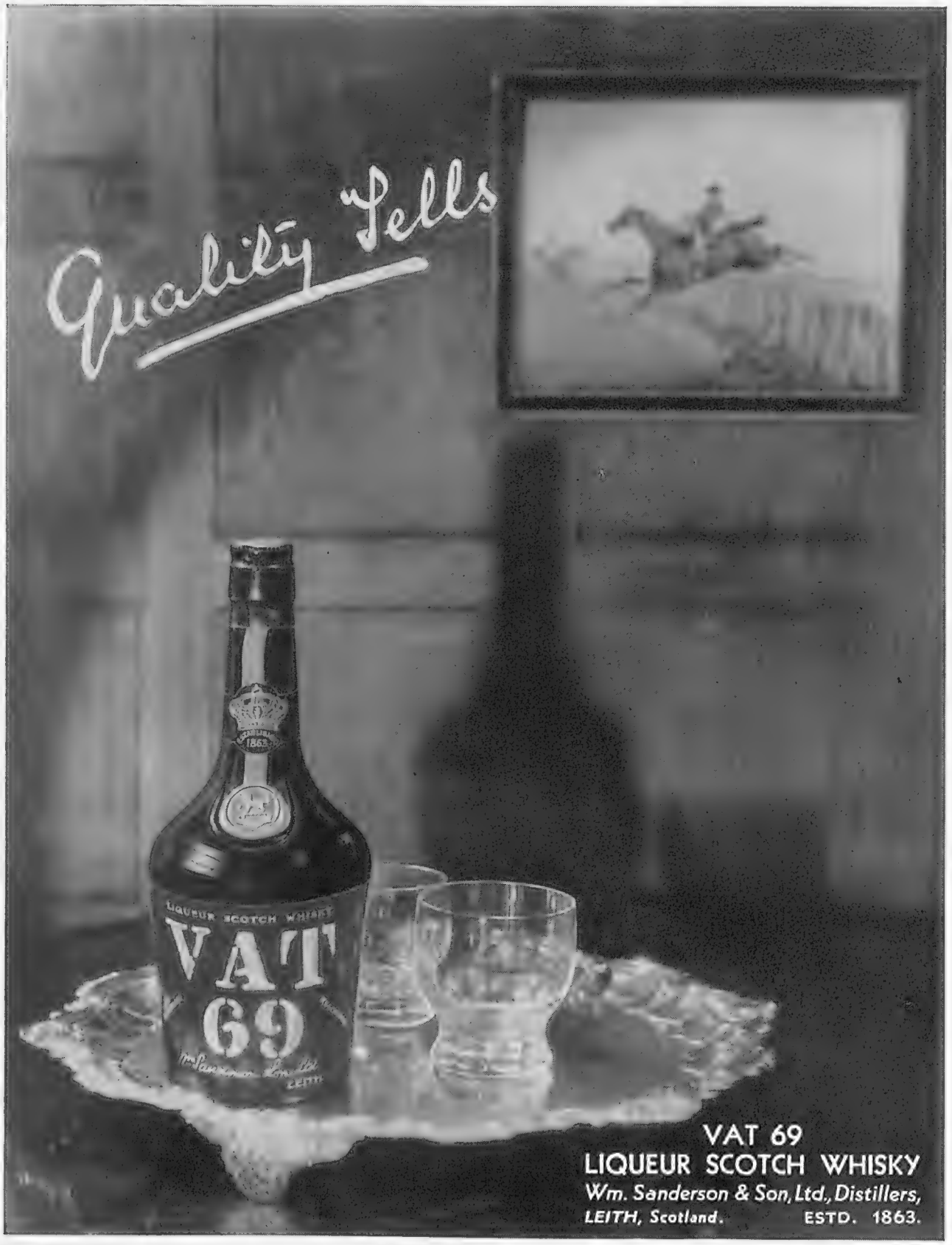
The endive we want for this dish is the long white kind known to most English greengrocers as chicory or Belgian endive. Choose endives which are all of the same size and allow one large one for each person. Place them flat in a baking dish—they should not be on top of each other—pour in enough boiling water almost, but not quite, to cover them, add the juice of a lemon and salt, and cover the endives with a well-buttered paper. Boil gently until the endives are cooked, which takes about thirty-five or forty minutes. Drain thoroughly and dry the endives in the oven for a few minutes, place them side by side in a fireproof dish and cover them with a Mornay sauce, which is made by cooking flour and butter together and adding hot milk, stirring all the time until you have a thick smooth sauce. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, mix in the yolk of an egg and grated cheese to taste.

Sprinkle the top of the dish with more grated cheese, a few little pieces of butter, and brown under the grill or in the oven. *Endives Mornay* must be eaten only as a course by itself and should be served, of course, in the fireproof dish.

Choufleur Polonais.

Break a cauliflower—having removed the outside parts—into five or six pieces, leaving practically no stalk, wash these well, and put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water with a teaspoonful of vinegar. Cook for 20 min.—they should not be allowed to get too soft—drain well, dry in a cloth and put the cauliflower into a hot serving dish. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs finely chopped, also a little chopped parsley. Keep the cauliflower hot, and at the last moment before serving pour over some butter which you have melted, allowed to foam, and into which you put a tablespoonful of white breadcrumbs. Toss these for a few seconds before pouring over the vegetable. Cauliflower cooked in this way is very good with cutlets, escalopes of veal, or with fish, fried, grilled, or meunière.

Robin Knight.



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Mr. John Murray Gibbon, General Publicity Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, arrived in London from Montreal on one of his periodical visits on the *Duchess of Atholl* a few days ago. Mr. Gibbon, who is a Scot and a son of the late Sir William Duff Gibbon, was born in Ceylon, where his father was prominent in the public life of the island. He received his early education in Aberdeen and entered the Aberdeen University.

From Aberdeen he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, and later to Goettingen. Mr. Gibbon's artistic and literary tastes drew him into the fields of art and journalism, and after a couple of years at the art schools of Paris he came to London and joined the editorial staff of *Black and White* (now incorporated in THE SPHERE), later becoming editor of that publication. In 1907 he joined the staff of the Canadian Pacific as Publicity Agent for Europe, and in 1913 was transferred to Montreal as General Publicity Agent in control of all advertising and publicity policies of the company throughout the world.

He was one of the founders of the Canadian Authors' Association and has written many novels, establishing himself in the front rank of Canadian writers. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Other activities with which he has identified himself are the Trail Riders' Association of the Canadian Rockies, which he founded, and the development of musical and historic pageants and festivals in Canada.

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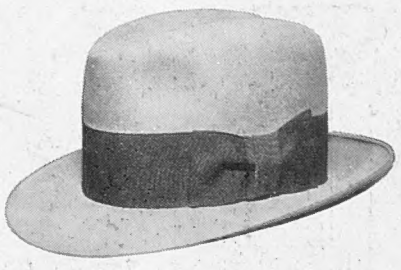

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NOTES and NEWS

THE BRANKSOME CUP WEEK-END

The Management of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, organizes a very popular week-end golf meeting each year. The idea originated with Mr. Vernon Haydon, one of the directors of the hotel, who is also a keen golfer, holding a certificate for having driven a ball 420 yards at Royal Wimbledon. Play for the Branksome Challenge Cup is over 36 holes, the trophy being awarded for the lowest aggregate scratch score. For this year's meeting, held at Parkstone Golf Club, entries were far in excess of the number of players that could be accommodated. Many well-known figures in the amateur golfing world were among the players, including Mr. Dale Bourne, ex-English Champion; Mr. C. J. Anderson, the Middlesex Champion; Mr. E. C. Millard, who plays for Surrey and is a past winner of the Devil's Punchbowl; and Mr. E. R. Tipple, a young International.

Mr. C. J. Anderson of Northwood, with 69+74=143, won the event, Commander H. Raymond of Ranelagh being the runner-up with 72+73=145. Prizes were also given for a 36-holes competition under handicap. This was won by Mr. H. C. Tarrant with a net score of 139, Major Harrison with a net score of 144 taking second place. Other prizewinners were Messrs. E. R. Tipple, T. A. Bourn, C. Morley Brown, and D. O. Spinke.

Golf is not the only important feature connected with the competition. The Branksome Cup week-end has found an important place in the social calendar. The hotel was crowded with visitors, both players and spectators, all of whom appreciated an exceedingly good programme arranged by M. L. Burdet, the manager.

Miss Jeanne Stuart, who is appearing in *Road House* at the Whitehall Theatre, presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

CLEMSON AND VALERIE, who have been engaged as Dance Host and Hostess by the Palace Hotel, Torquay

THE WINNER AND HIS PARTNER: Mr. C. J. Anderson (driving), who won the Branksome Challenge Cup, with Mr. Vernon Haydon, one of the directors of the Branksome Tower Hotel, who originated the now famous golf week-end organized by the hotel

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BRITISH HOTEL'S ENTERPRISE

The Palace Hotel, Torquay, has recently engaged as dance host and hostess the well-known dancers, Clemson and Valerie, who have delighted International audiences at the Beau Site Hotel, Cannes, and the Hotel Regina, Aix-les-Bains, in previous years, winning the Premier Prix d'Elégance at the former, and the Premier Prix International Tournai de Danse at the latter. They are seen in the accompanying picture rehearsing one of their numbers in the familiar surroundings of the ballroom at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, where they are to entertain visitors throughout the winter season.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The Editor of THE SPHERE begs to inform his readers that the Special Record of the 1932–3 Gilbert and Sullivan Season at the Savoy Theatre is now nearing completion, and within a few days should be in the hands of the public. It contains a mass of specially-taken pictures illustrating all the ever-popular operas, and is embellished with a foreword by Sir Henry Lytton. Beautifully printed in rotogravure, it will be published at 1s.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Admiralty have now reported that the *Arethusa* Training Ship is worn out and unfit for further service. It is for this reason that a new ship has been obtained, and the necessary cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc., will be £40,000. Will readers of THE SPHERE please help by sending a donation to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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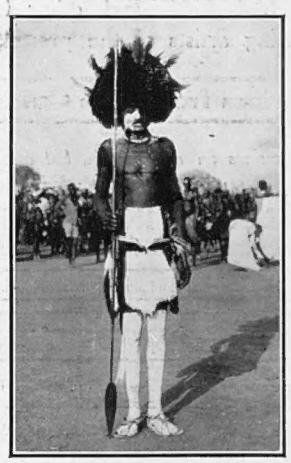

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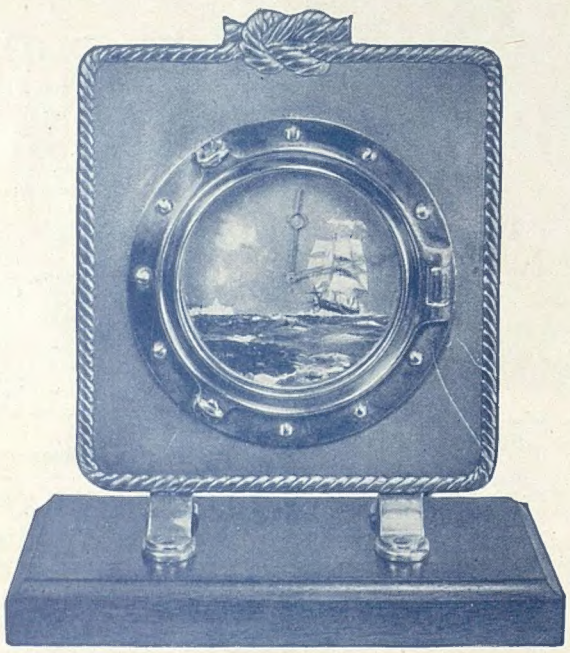

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